

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWS PAPER

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[PRICE 8 CENTS.]



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—VIEW OF RIVER JOHNSON AND BATTERY BIRMINGHAM, ON JAMES RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



ENGINEERS APPROACHING FORT WAGNER. THE FLYING SAP.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—ENGINEERS APPROACHING FORT WAGNER.—NO. 1. THE FLYING SAP. NO. 2. THE FULL SAP, WITHOUT GANYONE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

Carnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED—Ode to Jeff Davis—The Wounded Volunteer at Gettysburg—A Picture of Sumner—The Prediction—My Husband.

Our Seventeenth Volume.

THE SIXTEEN VOLUMES OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER form a Pictorial History of the Country and of the World unequalled in the annals of the Newspaper Press. Since the beginning of the present war we have exceeded even our own anticipations, and in the number, variety, beauty and truthfulness of our illustrations have not been approached by any other journal, even in England and France. Our aim is not to give the result of artistic studies in imaginary scenes, so as to display the genius of the artist, but to mirror life as it passes, portraying the scenes of great events or public interest; the men of the time who guide the bark of public affairs; the war in its myriad aspect by sea and land, the march, the bivouac, the skirmish, the battle, victory, defeat, retreat, pursuit; the engineer and his labors, mining hostile works, opening new courses for rivers, turning swamp to solid ground; the cavalry sweeping through a hostile section and crippling the enemy's communications; the navy on the ocean or the river—all appear in our pages, drawn by some of the force of artists ever in the field, with all the fidelity of the daguerreotype and more than its power. On the ability of our artists we need not dwell. Generals in command of it, and the public are long since convinced of the fact; and in the Fine Art subjects which we so frequently introduce, we show how completely they catch the spirit of the great painters and sculptors whose works we reproduce before our readers.

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Summary of the Week.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the 1st of September the ironclads opened on Sumter, Wagner and Moultrie with effect, but without making any decided impression.

Gillmore also renewed his fire on Wagner and Gregg, on the 5th, with such vigor as to dismount almost every gun on Wagner, drive the garrison to the bombproof and silence both their cannon and their sharpshooters, while the shell bursting on the bombproof poured the sand down so as nearly to suffocate the inmates. During the night a constant bombardment was kept up, to prevent their leaving the bombproof or making any repairs; and under cover of this fire Gillmore's sappers ran their sap through the torpedo-armed sand

to the very crest of Fort Wagner. Gen. Gillmore then gave the order for the assault at daybreak, but the rebels, availing themselves of the low tide which prevented our picket boats approaching, evacuated Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, and in boats started for other points. We succeeded in capturing one boat; the rest escaped. When deserters announced the evacuation, Gillmore entered Wagner in time to prevent the explosion of the magazine. The fort was in a frightful condition, full of dead bodies, and the bombproof one mass of filth. Fourteen cannon were left. Battery Gregg was next occupied, giving five more pieces of artillery.

At last accounts the enemy were firing on Wagner and Gregg.

Admiral Dahlgren demanded the surrender of Sumter, and on Beauregard's refusal, on the 8th attacked Fort Moultrie, blowing up a magazine and destroying Moultrieville. The Weehawken got aground, and for five hours was exposed to the concentrated fire of the rebel batteries, but the 100 guns did no material damage. When the tide went out so as to leave her with her undefended hull exposed, the Ironsides went to her relief.

During the night of the 8th an attack was made on Fort Sumter by a force of marines and sailors, under Lieut. Williams and Capt. Stevens, but the enemy were prepared, and 15 officers were taken in the fort and 80 sailors and marines killed in the boats or on shore.

On the 10th the rebels claim to have exploded the magazine in Fort Gregg with shell from Sullivan's Island.

TENNESSEE.

Tennessee has been at last cleared of rebels. After a very slight resistance Gen. Burnside occupied Knoxville, the rebels retreating after sustaining a severe reverse at London. Burnside then pushed on Gen. Hackleford to Cumberland Gap, which he reached on the 8th, marching 60 miles in 52 hours, and compelled Gen. Frazer to surrender the post with 2,000 men and 14 pieces of artillery. Valuable rolling stock and locomotives were taken at Bristol. Gen. Burnside having cleared his department of rebels then telegraphed his resignation to Washington.

Gen. Rosecrans meantime had occupied Chattanooga on the 9th, at noon, with Chittenden's command, the rebel rear guard retreating as he entered, and then pushed on part of his forces to Rome.

Bragg continues his retreat; but Gen. Negley, who attacked the enemy at Dog Gap, seems to have failed in his object, and returned to the foot of Lookout mountain.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Parties are coming openly into collision. Some Georgia soldiers recently destroyed the office of the Raleigh Standard (reconstructionist), but its supporters and the people, in retaliation, destroyed that of the State Journal (secessionist).

VIRGINIA.

On the 6th the rebels, to the number of 1,200 under Imboden, attacked Major Shepherd at Moorfield, Hardy Co., and drove him back to Cumberland, his force being only 300.

On the 8th the rebels attacked Bath, but were repulsed with loss by Col. Wynncooper of the 20th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Gen. Lee is falling back on Richmond, and Gen. Meade's advance, under Pleasanton, has passed beyond Culpepper, capturing 40 prisoners and three guns. Mosby still continues near Fairfax.

ARKANSAS.

This State, too, has been pretty effectually cleared of rebel troops. On the 10th Fort Smith was captured by our advance and the rebels abandoned Little Rock, retreating to Washington, where they made a show of making a fierce resistance, but they are only 8,000 strong, and their morale gone.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Gen. Blunt, whom the rebels boasted of having defeated, has been unable to fight because unable to catch his fugitive opponents. At last accounts they had fled to Boggy depot.

NAVAL.

The Alabama is at Brest, and the French journals urge the Government to seize her.

The Georgia continues her ravages, having on June 25th burned the ship Constitution of New York.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

A Great National Work.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, and of other States, as well as the General Government have shown a spirit far ahead of any in Europe in encouraging the historic studies of the country and the investigation of its natural history. Europe is now moving in this direction, and the Life of Caesar, by the present Emperor of France, will be one of the great historic monuments of the age. Either from a feeling of national pride or from some other motive, thorough research and scholarship were

never given to the study of the Gallic War, in which Caesar prostrated the nationality of the France of his day beneath the heel of Roman power; yet his own account of the war, one of the noblest remains of classical antiquity, furnished a basis for a magnificent national work.

The present Emperor has long been engaged on a Life of Julius Caesar, in which the whole struggle will be investigated, and illustrated in a manner that will make it as new as recent discoveries in Egypt and Nineveh have made our knowledge of those countries. The work is in its plan Napoleon's, but in the preparation he has had the finest talent in France. Every march, every camp, every battlefield of the great Roman Captain has been examined and surveyed by engineers; the sites of cities that he took by assault rediscovered, and the siege works located so as to give the narrative now all the charm of actual military operations, while the science of modern times is brought to the appreciation of the strategy and generalship of Caesar.

The labors of the celebrated men employed on this work have, of course, dispelled many mists and rectified many errors; and by thus employing the talent of the country and combining with it all that erudition has of later years gathered as to the history of early France, Napoleon gives the first book of a new and nobler history of the land than has ever yet appeared.

He cannot stop here. The military operations of succeeding ages, summarily given in chronicles treated in this way, must follow, and the history of Europe be rewritten.

Prior to 1861, when our army had so little employment, it was urged upon the Government, with every prospect of success, that the Topographical Engineers should be employed on a scientific survey and study of all the battle grounds of the Revolution. But for the rebellion this would have been done, and will, we trust, on the restoration of peace, be one of the earliest national works.

Boole and Butchers.

HAD our friend Boole lived in the early days of the earth he would most certainly have figured in the mythology. As he happily lives now he must accept his fate and be the modern Hercules, for surely since that remarkable stable cleaner, never has any living man had so hard a fight with mud, and so gloriously triumphed over dirt. He has now commenced a campaign against the slaughterers, and is endeavoring to consolidate the 227 pesthouses into four grand abattoirs. Everybody knows—excepting a swillow stable man, whose nose and conscience died together—that these horrible places are equally destructive to mind and body; they brutalise the surrounding neighborhood and engender epidemics. They also decrease the value of real estate to such an extent, that whoever builds a slaughterhouse establishes the nucleus of a fever-stricken population. We trust Boole will take the butchers by the horns, and carry through his plan. The lovers of abuses will, of course, rally around their pestiferous and filthy stronghold; but let him persevere, and he will triumph as we did six years ago over the rotten-breathed, rotten-hoofed, rotten-toothed monopoly of Swill-cowdom.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

IN some respects Aesop's old fables can be partially applied to John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in which the latter would enact the rôle of the lamb, all but the being out-up—that can never be done by the British wolf; if we are devoured it will be in the manner of the Kilkenny cats—those prophetic emblems of the North and South. Mr. Sumner, in his very long but interesting and able speech at the Cooper Institute on the 10th, showed that if Com. Wilkes were wrong in seizing Mason and Silldell, he had been misled by imitating British precedents. So in the suspension of the *habeas corpus*—he quoted Lord John Russell's speech in the House of Commons, when he introduced that measure, wherein he said:

"I believe in my conscience that this measure is calculated to prevent insurrection, to preserve internal peace, to preserve the unity of this empire, and to save the throne of these realms and the free institutions of this country."

We all know that two wrongs cannot make a right, and that this *tu quoque*, or *you're another* style, is not argument, but simply recrimination; still it is satisfactory evidence that the higher law of self-preservation, as expounded by the most pharisaical and civilized nations, perfectly harmonizes with the course we have pursued under the high pressure of even such an exceptional case as our grand rebellion.

Mrs. Britannia Pecksniff.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, of the 9th Sept., had a *petite romance*, which shows that we have an American Dumas among us. Its flight was gorgeous, for in it our old friend Thurlow Weed figures as a Monte Christo. The other actors are the corpulent "pale face" John Bigelow, the Duke of Morny, honest John Dayton, our French Ambassador *malgré* the French, and that Crimean whitefeather hero Prince Pion-Pion. But as the romance is copyright, we will not infringe it; we shall content ourselves by observing that the subject of this great sensation fiction is stone blockade, or ballast! Referring our readers, therefore, to the *Sylvanus Cobb Dumas* of the New York Times for further particulars, we proceed to give a few instances, which show how deliciously oblivious the Pecksniff of Nations is to her own past history. We know it is not polite to discuss house-breaking before a reformed burglar, or to dilate upon gambling in the presence of Wall street brokers, but after what the French and English Ministers and their organs have said on the iniquity of our sinking a few old fishing hulks at the mouth of Charleston harbor, the following list of English precedents is interesting: As early as 1456, at the siege of Calais, by the Duke of Burgundy, and also in 1628, at the memorable siege of Rochelle, by Cardinal Richelieu, ships laden with stone were sunk in those harbors; that during the war of the Revolution, in 1778, six vessels were sunk by the British commander in the Savannah river, not far from this very Charleston, as a protection against the approach of the French and American naval forces; that in 1804, under the direction of the British Admiralty, an attempt was made to choke the entrance into the harbor of Boulogne by sinking stone vessels; and that in 1809 the same blockade was recommended to the Admiralty by no less a person than Lord Dundonald, with regard to another port, saying, "Ships filled with stone will ruin for ever the anchorage of Aix, and some old vessels of the line, well loaded, would be excellent for the purpose." But this complaint by the British Cabinet becomes doubly strange when it is considered that one of the most conspicuous treaties of modern history contained solemn exactions

by England and France that the harbor of Dunkirk, whose prosperity was regarded with jealousy, should be permanently "filled up," so that it could no longer furnish its accustomed hospitalities to commerce. This was the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. But by the Triple Alliance, only four years later, France was constrained to stipulate again that nothing should be omitted "which Great Britain could think necessary for the entire destruction of the harbor," and the latter power was authorized to send commissioners as "ocular witnesses of the execution of the Treaty." These humiliating provisions were renewed in successive treaties down to the peace of Versailles in 1763, when the immunity of that harbor was recognized with American Independence. But Great Britain, when compelled to open Dunkirk, still united with the Dutch in closing the Scheldt; or, as a British writer expresses it, she "became bound to assist in obstructing this navigation." (*Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 2, p. 77, article 9, France.) One of the two reasons put forth by Great Britain for breaking peace with France, in 1792, and entering upon that world-consuming war, was that this revolutionary Power had declared that it would open the Scheldt. So much for old Mother Pecksniff!

Reconstruction.

Now that the war has taken so decidedly a favorable turn in favor of the Government, the agitation of the great question comes up as to how the States which seceded from the Union are to come back, and the question is full of dilemmas. Some deny the right of secession, and declare that the States were never out of the Union, yet will not admit that they can at once send members to the Senate and House of Representatives.

Others assert that the States could and did secede, are out of the Union legally, yet assert that the States out of the Union can send members to the Congress of the Union.

Some maintain that the State Governments exist; others claim that by the act of secession (a void act as they declare) the States committed suicide.

Some will throw the burthen of settling the question on the President. Others say that, as Commander in Chief of the army, all he can do is to grant or refuse passes through the lines to persons claiming to be Members of Congress, and that each House has the exclusive right to decide on the qualification of its own members and the validity of their credentials.

It is indeed one of those cases where opinions are as numerous as minds, and no solution seems entirely free from difficulty. By the Constitution the election of Members of Congress is a State affair, the State Legislature choosing the Senators, and the persons entitled to vote for the numerous branches of the State Legislature elect the Representatives to Congress.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—As a reward for their excellent behavior during the New York riots, the Commissioners have decided upon granting to every policeman a furlough of three days, with the pay continued. Eight men from each precinct will be detained at a time till all have had their well-deserved holiday.

The seventh annual games of the New York Caledonian Club were celebrated on the 9th Sept., in Jones's Wood, in a most gratifying manner. The assemblage was very large and respectable. Thousands of men, women and children there had a full and most charming holiday. Not the least noticeable feature of the occasion was the large number of little ones clad in the brilliant and graceful Highland costume; in fact, nearly every one present wore in some shape the tartan of their clan. Between 3,000 and 4,000 persons were present, and the entire woods, which were strung with flags, and the grounds, upon which were erected several marquees, presented an animated and picturesque appearance. Go where you would, everybody was the embodiment of good humor and jollity. Several delegations from the Scottish Clubs of Newark and Philadelphia were present as guests of the Caledonians, and were handsomely entertained. Robertson's band discoursed most eloquent music. The festival was a great success.

Maryland papers say that at the present rapid rate the stampede of slaves from that State will soon render all talk about emancipation unnecessary—there will be none to emancipate. One planter near Port Tobacco lost 11 a few nights since. Owners take the loss as a matter of course, since there is no feasible means of prevention. Compensated emancipation is probably more popular there now than when the President first proposed it.

Judge McCunn, in his charge to the Grand Jury, recently stated it to be their duty to give to charges of any kind, affecting the poorer classes, a very careful investigation, so that a citizen erring, probably for the first time in his life, should not be as summarily dealt with as a professional thief or highwayman. By their meeting out justice with firmness and mercy, he believed that the laboring classes would be endeared to those above them in social position, and at the same time they would entertain a greater respect for the guardians and administrators of the law and the peace of the community. There was an admirable spirit in his address, which ought more thoroughly to permeate the judicial addresses than it does.

The Democratic State Convention met at Albany on the 9th Sept. The Tammany and Mozart delegates were admitted, half from each organization, while the McKean representatives were thrust out of the way without ceremony. Judge Amasa J. Parker was chosen President, with the usual complement of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries, and the business committees were appointed. In the evening Gov. Seymour addressed the Convention, explaining his course respecting the draft, and defining his position on national questions. The Convention was unusually harmonious.

The Constitutional Union (Bell-Everett) Convention, at Albany, nominated Eli F. Norton for Attorney-General, and Richard F. Stevens for State Prison Inspector, and recommended the Democratic Convention to also nominate them.

The passengers of one of the 6th Avenue cars were unpleasantly surprised the other day by being summarily turned out by a young man, who said he was some Provost-Marshal official. The car was then filled with curs, and the defrauded and indignant passengers had to walk the rest of the distance.

The Committee of the Board of Supervisors have reported that 300 claims for damages in the recent New York riots are ready for payment. It will, however, take them four months to complete their investigations.

At a special meeting of the Board of Councilmen, on the 5th Sept., the \$3,000,000 conscription ordinance was adopted over the Mayor's veto. A message was received from the Mayor, vetoing the resolution directing the Street Commissioner to have all the artillery and cavalry removed from the parks and other places in the city. It was laid over under the rules, and the board adjourned to the 14th inst., at four o'clock P.M.

A correspondence has been published between Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Lincoln, bearing date last December. It relates to the propriety of Mr. Lincoln granting an amnesty, which Mr. Wood informs the President is all the rebels are waiting for to induce them to send their usual quota of members to Congress. Mr. Wood also asks Mr. Lincoln to proclaim an armistice by way of conciliating the rebels. Mr. Lincoln's reply states that he thinks Mr. Wood is

wrong in his belief that the rebels are willing to rejoin the Union, that he cannot publish an armistice, but that if they return to Congress they will be welcomed. Mr. Wood's reply, which finishes the correspondence, regrets Mr. Lincoln's decision, which will prolong and embitter the war. The correspondence is remarkable, as exemplifying the ease with which the chief magistrate enters into a confidential correspondence with a well-known political opponent.

Substitutes are scarce in New Haven, Conn., and all the drafted men who desire to stay at home find it necessary to pay the \$300.

Judge Cadwalader, of the U. S. District Court of Pennsylvania, in a case before him on Wednesday last, delivered a decision declaring the Enrollment Act constitutional. This, we believe, is the first judicial opinion on this important subject.

The following are the rival tickets for this State:

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.
Secretary of State.....D. B. St. John.
Comptroller.....Sanford E. Church.
Attorney-General.....M. B. Champlin.
State Engineer.....Van R. Richmond.
Treasurer.....William B. Lewis.
Inspector of State Prisons.....D. B. McNell.
Judge of Court of Appeals.....William F. Allen.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.
Secretary of State.....Chauncey M. Depew.
Comptroller.....Lucius Robinson.
Attorney-General.....Gen. John Cochrane.
State Treasurer.....George W. Schuyler.
Judge of Court of Appeals.....Henry B. Selden.
Canal Commissioner.....Benjamin B. Bruce.
State Engineer and Surveyor.....W. B. Taylor.
State Prison Inspector.....James K. Bates.

CONSTITUTIONAL UNION TICKET.
Attorney-General.....Eli B. Norton.
State Prison Inspector.....Richard P. Stevens.

The Hon. Charles Sumner delivered his address on the subject of "Our Foreign Relations" to an immense audience, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening, the 10th Sept. The distinguished statesman was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. David Dudley Field presided, and introduced the speaker in a few appropriate remarks, which were well received. A large number of distinguished persons were present, and all were delighted with the patriotic sentiments and earnest utterance of the Senator from Massachusetts.

The case of the Rev. Mr. Verren, who wanted an injunction to prevent Gen. Canby from sending young Verren to the army as a conscript, has found a sudden termination. It appears that young Verren has not been drafted, the information to that effect being a hoax.

Detectives Elder and McCoy, on the 9th Sept., arrested a man supposed to be the principal in the robbery at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last April. On Thursday he was taken to the Navy Yard for identification, but the watchman and sentry on duty at the time of the robbery, and who saw a suspicious person, answering to the description of this man, pass out of the Navy Yard gates, were unable to identify him. He was held for a further examination.

The citizens of Pittsburg have offered to adopt 50 of the children made orphans by the recent Lawrence massacre.

Mr. Boole has suggested a plan which will abolish the slaughterhouses in the city. This will be a great blessing, as it will remove a great source of disease from our midst, and render the driving of cattle through our streets unnecessary.

A fracas happened at the Hoboken ferry on the 9th Sept., owing to the ill-conduct of a little rowdy boy, who is a relative of the proprietor. Being rebuked for insulting some young ladies, who were going over in the ferryboat, by a gentleman present, the latter was in consequence lectured by the boy's uncle, a clergyman of Hoboken. The passengers are frequently annoyed by the bad behavior of these boys, who, although living in Hoboken, go to school in New York. Great surprise and regret were expressed by the spectators at the conduct of the reverend gentleman, who is very much respected by the citizens, that he should have countenanced the boy's misbehavior.

The Draft Exemption Committee of the Supervisors, with the Mayor and Comptroller, continue to meet daily.

Mr. George W. Farlee has sent in a claim to Comptroller Brennan amounting to \$207,002, for damages to the armory situated on the north-east corner of 21st street and 2d Avenue during the July riot. This establishment belonged to Mayor Opydyke, who makes a handsome profit out of the riot.

Brooks Brothers, of the clothing store, claim \$75,000 for their stolen clothes. The poorer classes ought to be better dressed than they were.

The Butchers' Association had a meeting on the 10th Sept., to devise measures to oppose the proposed reform measures of Mr. Boole. They contend that slaughterhouses are healthy. A correspondent informs us that the merit of the design of substituting four central abattoirs for the 227 nuisances called slaughterhouses belongs to Col. Delevan, who had arranged the campaign before his term of office had expired.

The Supreme Court of the United States for the District of Columbia has granted an injunction in favor of the Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown Railroad Company against the Corporation of Washington. This indicates a final settlement of the protracted controversy, which will leave the company in full possession of their franchise. They are now building across the Potomac a substantial railroad bridge, which is far advanced toward completion.

A deputation of Nashville merchants have waited upon Secretary Chase to ask for the removal of certain restrictions from the trade of Nashville and Middle Tennessee. It is probable that the object of their visit will be accomplished in the pending modifications of commercial regulations applicable to Western commerce.

Western.—The people of West Tennessee are beginning to move for a reconstruction of the Union. Large meetings of the most influential men, not heretofore known as Union men, have recently been held in Hardeman county, at which patriotic resolutions were passed, petitioning Gov. Andrew Johnson to issue writs for an election, to be held soon, for members of the State Legislature, under the Constitution and Union. These meetings pledged the citizens to vote for none but Union men.

A dispatch from San Francisco states that the steamer Constitution sailed from that port on the 5th Sept., with \$270,000 in treasure for New York, \$505,000 for Panama, and \$678,000 for England.

At a recent election held at Fort Gibson, the Hon. John Ross was re-elected principal chief of the Cherokee nation for the term of four years, and Lewis Downing, Lieut.-Col. of the 3d Cherokee Indian Regiment, United States, was elected Second Chief for the same period.

Three passengers who arrived at San Francisco on the 7th of Sept. from British Columbia, per steamer Brother Jonathan, deposited in the San Francisco Mint 12,000 ounces of gold dust, worth \$200,000. The treasure was not on the steamer's manifest, but was concealed by the owners in their baggage to save freight money. The owners employed 20 men part of last year in exploring their mines in Caraboo district, and commenced to take out gold in January, and 100 ounces had been taken out in a single day. The average yield was 100 ounces per day. Mining news from Caraboo district on the whole is favorable. Rich quartz veins had been discovered. A few of the principal claims continued to pay largely. In others there was considerable disappointment on account of delayed returns. The feeling of Unionism is growing every day stronger and stronger in the Golden State.

Southern.—The rebel State government of Mississippi, at last accounts, was in Noxubee county, on

the Alabama border, five hundred miles from the capital. That of Missouri was at Little Rock, in Arkansas. The Governor and State officers of Louisiana were on board of an old steamboat up one of the bayous of the Mississippi river, and Gov. Isham G. Harris, with the archives of Tennessee, was somewhere in the mountains in the northern part of Alabama.

A Richmond paper says: "Our dispatches state that a large number of Yankee novels, recently imported, were seized and confiscated by the Government a few days since."

What does this mean? We understand from other sources that one Starke, a Richmond bookseller, lately advertised the Yankee magazines, and that, in consequence, the District Attorney of the Confederate States visited Starke's establishment, where he found and confiscated a whole batch of Northern publications, which Starke had run through the blockade, amounting to about 1,100 volumes Yankee novels. And it is for these, polluted and polluting the very fountains of human thought and feeling among us; it is for such as this that our currency must be depreciated.

"Ye gods, it doth amaze us." Can our men and women find nothing better to do than this?

The Richmond papers are very earnest in urging upon Gen. Lee the absolute necessity of another raid into Pennsylvania or Maryland, stating that the "road of peace lies through Pennsylvania via Washington." It gives as another reason for this desperate venture the absolute necessity existing for some demonstration to encourage the peace party of the North. This advice, however, is supposed by some as a mere blind to conceal from us the fact that nearly one-half of Lee's army has been sent to reinforce Beauregard and Bragg.

Military.—The Washington Correspondent of the World says that a wounded soldier in one of the Washington hospitals died the other day from hemorrhage, owing to the hospital steward refusing to have the icebox opened, the physician having advised the application of ice to stop the bleeding. If this be true his immediate dismissal ought to follow.

There has been considerable change made in some of the departments in Washington. General Ripley has been superseded in the ordnance department, Gen. Meigs in the commissariat, and Surgeon-General Hammond in the medical department. As the former two had been many years connected with their respective departments, their sudden dismissal at such a time has given rise to many conjectures.

Brig-Gen. Anderson has been appointed to command Fort Adams, Newport, R. I., in place of Col. Sanderson, who has been appointed to command the 18th Infantry, R. A.

The War Department has made another unpromising move in reducing the pensions of the soldiers wounded in the Mexican and other wars from six to four and in some cases to two dollars—on the ground that their disabled condition must be improved by time.

A letter from Norfolk professes to give the details of a plan which the rebels have on foot for the recapture of that city. It says that the expedition against the city is to be committed to Gen. Longstreet, and several Generals of lesser light, who are well acquainted with the topography of the country. The forces are to be divided and advanced from three different points. A large body of troops will be massed at Suffolk, to make a feint, and draw our troops there, while the attack is being made upon the city by another body, advancing through Princess Anne county with a strong reserve. A third party is to appear in the vicinity of Sewell's Point, while all this is going on, to attract the troops stationed north of the city.

There was a grand review at camp Sprague on the 7th Sept. The skeletons of twenty regiments were reviewed. Gen. McClellan was present, and had a cordial reception from the men.

The following is quite a curiosity:
HEADQUARTERS 18TH ARMY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,
NEWBERNE, N. C. August 13, 1863.
General Order, No. 115.

Captain A. W. Smith, Company K, 132d New York Volunteer Infantry, having, while in command of Fort Gaston, near Newberne, N. C., in violation of the common principles of military law and usage, arrested a soldier of his company, private J. J. Chambers, preferred against him charges and specifications, approved the same, ordered a court-martial, placed him self upon it as presiding officer, convened the court, tried the case, pronounced the sentence, revised the proceedings and findings, approved them, and ordered the sentence to be carried into effect, without forwarding the proceedings or any other record to any higher authority, he is hereby directed to release this man.

The proceedings and findings in this case are set aside, they being null and void.

This order will be published at the head of every regiment and detachment in this corps.

By command of Brigadier-General I. N. Palmer,
Commanding Corps. J. A. JUDSON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

During the month of August there were granted enrolled army pensions to 1,368 widows, mothers, &c., and 1,062 to others.

Col. Foote, of the Ambulance and Sanitary Corps, has published a pamphlet entitled "The Dead and Wounded Unrecovered." It presents a hideous picture of the sufferings of our gallant men, who, though willing to die for their country, can perceive no necessity to be tortured before death by the brutal indifference of the military authorities. The great discouragement to enlistments, and the best friends Jeff. Davis ever had, are the men who preside over the War Department.

Orderly Sergeant John Bennett, of the 14th Brooklyn regiment, has been promoted to a Lieutenant, for his gallantry and general good conduct. He has been engaged in all the battles of that regiment, never having been absent on leave of sickness or furlough.

Gen. Burnside has taken possession of Knoxville without any opposition. His campaign so far has been conducted in the style of his North Carolina ones, being admirably arranged and promptly executed. Although his men had advanced 250 miles, yet their trains were well up to them, and the troops were consequently in most effective order. Upon occupying Knoxville, Burnside issued an order to the citizens, assuring them of the fullest protection, and granting an amnesty for the past. He, however, warned them of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. We hope he will avoid the errors he has made the last six months. The Hawkins' Zouaves are rapidly reorganizing under their old officers, and are most anxious to return to their old and favorite commander.

The work laid out for Gens. Blunt and Steele in Arkansas is being accomplished, and soon the entire State will be in a condition to resist its old love for the Union. On the 1st inst. Gen. Blunt took possession of Fort Smith, a force of 4,000 rebels in the vicinity retreating on the previous night. A portion of our forces pursued them 20 miles, and after a brief engagement scattered them in all directions. We also have the news of the evacuation of Little Rock by the rebels.

Naval.—The sailors of the Hartford still remain unpaid. They are consequently compelled to raise money at an enormous rate of interest and from the friends of Mr. Chase, the Jews. They all declare they will never vote for either Chase or Welles.

The United States steam transport Daniel Webster, Phillips, from Fortress Monroe in twenty-four hours, arrived on the 11th. On the 9th inst., at 10 A. M., inside of Cape Henry, was boarded by a boat belonging to the frigate Minnesota, from the blockading fleet off Wilmington, N. C. She reported being on shore with her boats, and had a fight with some rebels, killing 12 and capturing two guns, which they brought with them. The Minnesota is

bound up to Fortress Monroe. At 2 P. M., off Hog Island, exchanged signals with steamships Baltic and Atlantic, bound South.

A letter from Mr. Edward Simpson, of Newark, N. J., dated on board the steamer Vanderbilt, July 24, was received by his father on Friday. The vessel at that time was at Rio Janeiro, and the letter makes no mention of the fight reported by the rebel journals. All on board were well and in good spirits.

The prize steamer Cronstadt, recently captured while running out of Wilmington, N. C., is unloading in Boston. She had a cargo of 400 bales of cotton, and in addition a large quantity not packed. There was also turpentine and tobacco on board. The steamer is of 300 or 400 tons, but having very small engines, &c., possesses a large capacity for stowage. She is a slow sailer, and is worth \$30,000 or \$40,000. The cargo is probably worth nearly \$350,000.

The Dunderberg, now nearly ready for sea, will be the most powerful war machine afloat. It will truly be a City of Thunder. The monitors are excellent in their way, but their importance has been overrated, inasmuch as they are only adapted to harbor defence.

A vessel that has arrived at New Bedford reports that two pirate steamers were off Fayal on the 13th July. As the Alabama and Florida were in French ports by last accounts, it is probably these vessels.

Personal.—Count de Montholon, for so many years Consul General in New York, has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Mexico.

Gen. Jose Antonio Paez has once more returned, like Noah's dove, from his Venezuelan ark, to find rest for his soul and sole in the United States. Despite all the patriotic sacrifices he had made he found political parties there too corrupt for his co-operation, and has come back here, never more to leave. He comes in the time of our trouble, but he will find our difficulties are not chronic, but a simple process of natural life, which we must undergo for purification.

Col. Jardine, who was seriously wounded during the late riots, is rapidly recovering. He is at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Bayard Taylor and family returned home in the Scotia.

Colorado Jewett has published a pamphlet in London, in which he relates his experiences in Europe. He says that King Leopold declares his plan of finishing the war as the only practicable one. Count Rechberg declined to bring the matter before the German Convention, as it was a foreign question.

Obituary.—There died lately at the hospital (of the Hotel Dieu) a very old woman, best almost double, who was known in the Faubourg St. Germain as "La vieille au bouquet," so called because for years and years she has been seen every day slowly walking to the Mont Parnasse Cemetery with flowers in her hand. This woman, whose name was Françoise Francoise, was in her youth engaged to be married to Boris, one of the famous four sergeants of Rochelle, and she had the courage to follow him to the scaffold, from which it is said he threw her a bouquet. She lived at No. 94 Rue du Cherche Midi, received no visitors and attracted little attention; only every day she made a pilgrimage to the cemetery, where the tomb of the four sergeants is to be seen. About a month ago she was picked up senseless on the Quai des Orfèvres, where she had fallen down. Although poorly dressed she must have had means of subsistence, for she never begged, and eight francs were found in her pocket. She was taken to the hospital, where in a few days she died of old age.

The Paris papers announce the death of Gen. Bulliere, at the age of 76. The deceased General entered the army in 1807, and was severely wounded at Waterloo. In 1837 he was made General of division. He was also created a peer of France, and was Minister of War when Louis Napoleon was President of the Republic.

The comic actor Lesauvage, formerly of the Theatre des Variétés, Paris, and who had been for the last three years in a maison de santé, has just died at the age of 44.

Bardou, the comedian, whose name was for many years associated with that of the great Arnal, has just died at Neuilly. He was born at Montpellier, in 1804, made his first appearance at Paris in 1820, and fixed himself at the Vaudeville and the Varieties, where he was very popular for many years.

Mr. Chambers, an aeronaut, was recently killed by a fall from a balloon at a fête given in the park of Mr. North, of Basford, near Nottingham, England. Mr. Chambers had volunteered to make an ascension in the place of another aeronaut, and had been warned that the balloon was considered unsafe.

Lizzie Emmons, a very estimable and clever actress, died on the 4th Sept. at Winchendon, in her 24th year. She was buried at Mount Auburn, Boston.

We have to announce the death of the Rev. Amos Clarke, which took place in Sherborn on Thursday, the 3d Sept. He was born in Sherborn the 23d April, 1799, and had therefore attained to the advanced age of 64 years. He graduated with high honors at Harvard College in 1821, in the same class with Col. Thomas Aspinwall of this city, for many years American Consul at London, Hon. Ashur Ware of Portland, Judge of the U. S. District Court for Maine, the late Professor Norton of Cambridge, and the late Rev. Samuel Cooper Thacher of this city. He was for many years an instructor of youth in Newburyport, Dedham and Boston. He was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church in Sherborn 26th May, 1830, but retired from his ministerial duties several years since. He was an amiable and excellent man; quiet and unassuming, walked worthily in his vocation, and has at last passed away at a good old age, beloved, respected, and his death will be regretted by his many friends among whom he passed his long and useful life.

Col. Joseph Greeley died at his residence in Nashua, N. H., on Friday morning, Sept. 4, in his 80th year. He was born in Hudson, N. H., May, 1784. In 1813 he entered into trade in Nashua and retired in 1826. Much of the present business prosperity of that city is due to his early enterprise, he being one of the projectors of the Nashua cotton mills, the Nashua, Lowell and Wilton railroads, the Taylor's Falls Bridge, President of the Indian Head Bank, and a holder of many civil offices. He was also a founder and most active member of the Unitarian church. The large attendance at his funeral on Sunday was a tribute of the esteem in which this public-spirited and excellent man was held by his fellow-citizens. He married the granddaughter of Matthew Thornton, whom he leaves in bereavement, together with four sons and a large circle of relations.

Nathaniel Ames, one of the last survivors of the Revolution, was interred on the 30th of last month, at Madison, Wis. He was born in April, 1761, in Conn. In 1779 he entered the Continental service, and served in various positions to the close of the war, having been present at the execution of André and other remarkable events. From the age of 30 to 75 he was a Wesleyan Methodist preacher in Steuben, Oneida Co., N. Y., whence he removed to the town of Oregon, Wisconsin, where he closed a long and honorable life.

Major Edmund Underwood, mustering and disbursing officer for Northern New York, died at Utica on Saturday evening.

Mr. Vanderbilt, of Philadelphia, was recently married to a young lady at 10 o'clock A. M. About two hours afterwards he was talking to her when he suddenly fell down dead. Disease, congestion of the heart from excitement. The bridegroom was only 21 and the bride 17.

Accidents and Offences.—Wilkeson & Wells' elevator at Buffalo was consumed by fire on Sept. 8; 100,000 bushels of corn and wheat was burned. Loss about \$250,000. Insured in New York and Boston offices.

Gertrude Weber, a domestic in the employ of a Mrs. Rehman of Fifth street, was nearly beaten to death the other day by her mistress and a man named Herman. The guilty parties were arrested. It is not expected that the girl will recover.

On Friday a young lad of 15 years, while sawing wood at No. 120 First street, Brooklyn, E. D., ran a needle with which his shirt bosom was pinned into his breast near the heart, and has since suffered the most acute pain, with much difficulty in getting breath. It is thought by several medical gentlemen who have consulted on his case, that the needle must have penetrated the heart very slightly. He is still alive, and his youth warrants hopes of an ultimate recovery. The case is a very remarkable one.

A drunken brute, residing in 45th street, attempted to burn his wife alive in her bed on the night of the 9th of Sept., by throwing some camphene on her bed and then setting fire to it. Her screams brought assistance, the fire was extinguished, and the would-be murderer committed to the Tombs for trial. The cause as usual was rum.

The danger of entering into familiar relations with persons one has never seen before was exemplified on the 9th of Sept., when a soldier named Davis entered into conversation with a young woman, who finally borrowed of him, without the formality of asking, \$120, part of which was recovered.

At Toronto lately an Irishman named McGibbon wreaked a most inhuman vengeance upon a family. The circumstances are these: McGibbon had been dismissed from his position in a store, and another man named Elliott placed in his stead. The cold-blooded monster therefore went early one morning to where Elliott and his family, which consisted of a wife, mother and two children lived, and set fire to the house. The two women jumped from the window and were much injured, but the children were burnt to death. The murderer is in prison.

A terrible disaster occurred on Lake Superior on the 28th ult. The steamer Sunbeam, ten miles out from Superior City, encountered a severe gale, during which she was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam ends. In this position she was aground, and soon commenced breaking up, the passengers and crew meantime having taken to the boats. These were soon swamped, and it is believed that every soul perished excepting the wheelman, who was picked up next day lashed to a piece of wreck. The passengers and crew numbered 35.

On the night of the 8th of Sept., during a severe storm, the freight train on the Little Miami railroad ran into a broken culvert near Corwin, instantly killing the engineer, fireman and brakemen. Four cars, laden with whiskey and tobacco, took fire and were consumed.

A man was stopped and robbed the other night, on the plank road between Hoboken and West Hoboken, of his watch. His purse, which had \$300 of greenbacks, he put under the band of his hat, and this was saved.

A butcher named Dennis Harrington committed suicide last week in a slaughterhouse, 1st avenue, by plunging a knife into his viscera. He died next day. He was 68 years old, and a native of Ireland. It is supposed that he was insane.

Foreign.—The Paris papers announce the death of Mr. Adelenas. This was the name of the only soldier who ranged himself under Louis Napoleon's banner when he made his ever remarkably absurd raid upon Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1840. He was tried for the offence at the same time that his illustrious companion was, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Fortunately the success of Napoleon released him, and in accordance with that virtuous practice of rewarding his friends that has ever distinguished the nephew of his uncle, he gave him an appointment in 1848, which he held at the time of his death.

By the arrival of the Patapaco from Havana, we have news from Vera Cruz to Aug. 15. The French have taken possession of Tampico, in the State of Tamaulipas, and have advanced in the State of Mexico as far as Tlaxiaco. The Mexicans are rapidly and extensively fortifying Guadalajara, in the State of Jalisco. Doblado has started, with 4,000 men and \$400,000, westward, in order, it is said, to procure recruits and purchase arms in California. Miramon had taken the oath of allegiance to the Emperor Maximilian. In the Spanish possession of Santo Domingo a new insurrection had broken out, and the troops and war vessels were sent there from Cuba. It is said that the insurrection had been defeated.

The Sultan's Seraglio at Constantinople has been burnt to the ground, and about 400 of Abdul Assaf's wives driven to fresh quarters. Only one life was lost, by a cypress tree falling upon a soldier.

One of the Anglo-rebel pirate ships is now reënting in Brest. It is supposed to be the Florida, although some of the English papers report it the Alabama. As there are no laws to restrict the action of the French Emperor, as there are of the English Ministers, it is of considerable significance—trifling as the act itself may be considered.

The Levant Herald of August 23, says: The local American colony on the Bosphorus has, we are informed, subscribed \$2,000 in aid of the fund being raised for the widows and orphans of the federal troops killed since the commencement of the civil war.

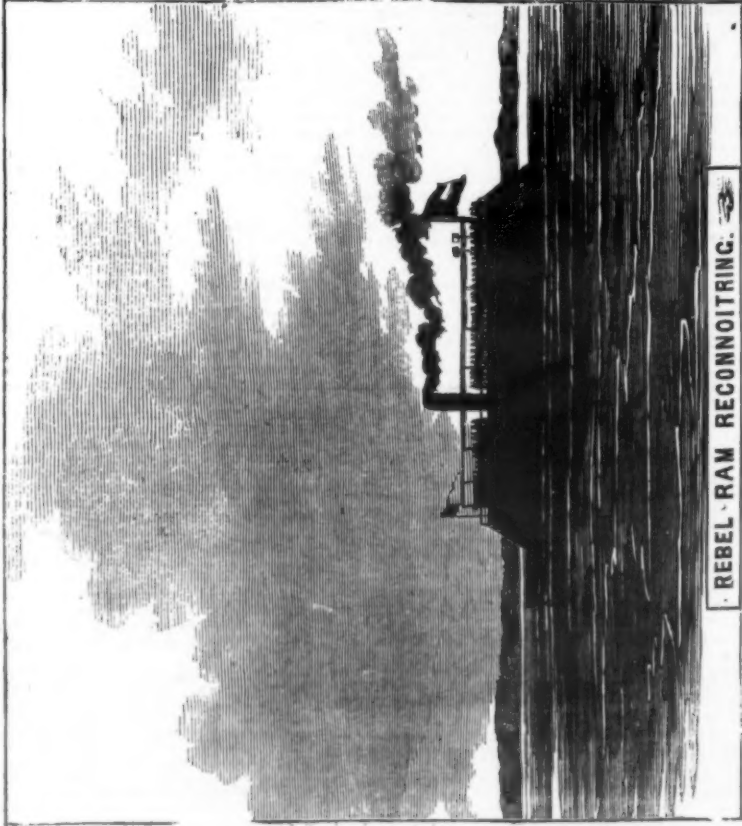
Art, Literature and Science.—M. Edmund Stedman, one of our most promising young poets, is preparing for publication a poem called *Alce of Monmouth, an Idyll of the Great War*. Why will American poets fall into the puerile folly of mimicking English authors, even to the very name. Since Tennyson published his *Idylls of the King*, every young poeting has taken the *Idylls* as though they were a kind of poetical measles. The requisites of an *Idyll* are: it must be short, and it must be pastoral.

Parson Brownlow is out with a notice of the re-establishment of his paper, the Knoxville *Whig*. He says: "I expect to issue the first number in October, as it was in that month, two years ago, my paper was crushed by the God-forsaken mob at Knoxville, called the Confederate Authorities. I will commence with this hell-born and hell-bound Rebellion, where the traitors forced me to leave off."

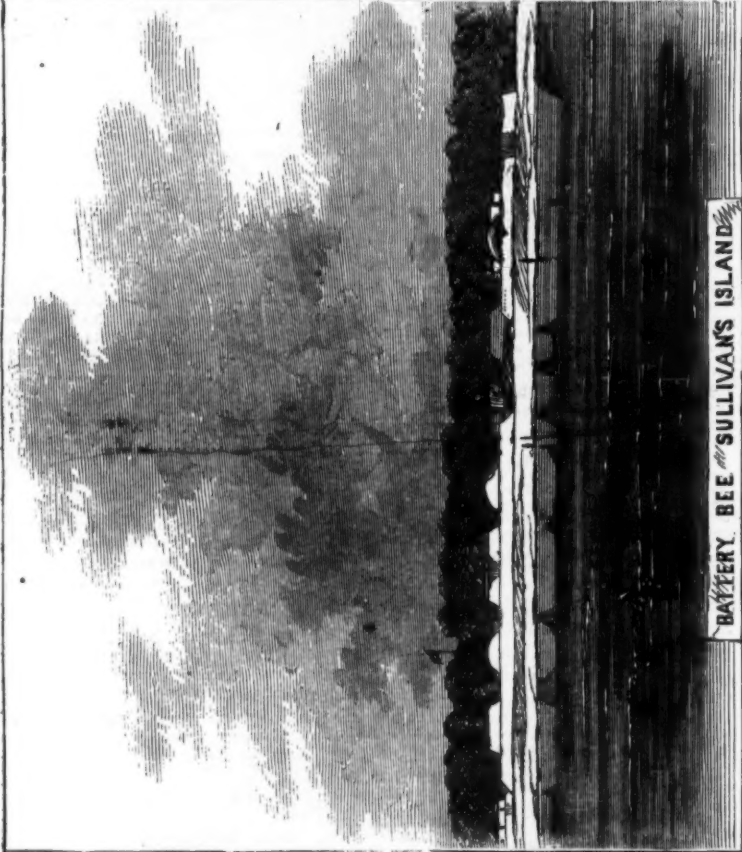
Obit-Chat.—The *Weekly Reporter*, Henderson, Ky., has a contributor whose style of obituary ought, if anything can, render death decidedly an agreeable visitation. The last paragraph of a recent biography is this: "He left his native home and sought in the fervid land of the South to grasp at fame, took the sword to satiate the blazing desires and passions of his fiery youth. He is gone! let the glittering tear suffuse the quivering eyelid, and glimmer a soul offering on his lethiferous tomb, a tribute to his memory, the heart's apotheosis, and let us hope that that immortal substance that fired his heart with ambition has joined the bloodwashed throng, and is echoing back the choral symphonies that for ever swell from angel lutes through the broad empyrean of the skies." Who would not welcome the lethiferous tomb for such an eulogy?

A correspondent writes that there is considerable French gold disbursed among the writers of our press. Judging from the tone of some of the New York dailies, which are constantly employed in furnishing French policy towards this country, our correspondent would seem to be correct, without their performed the dirty work for no thing, which, judging from the habits of these foreign Bohemians, is not probable.

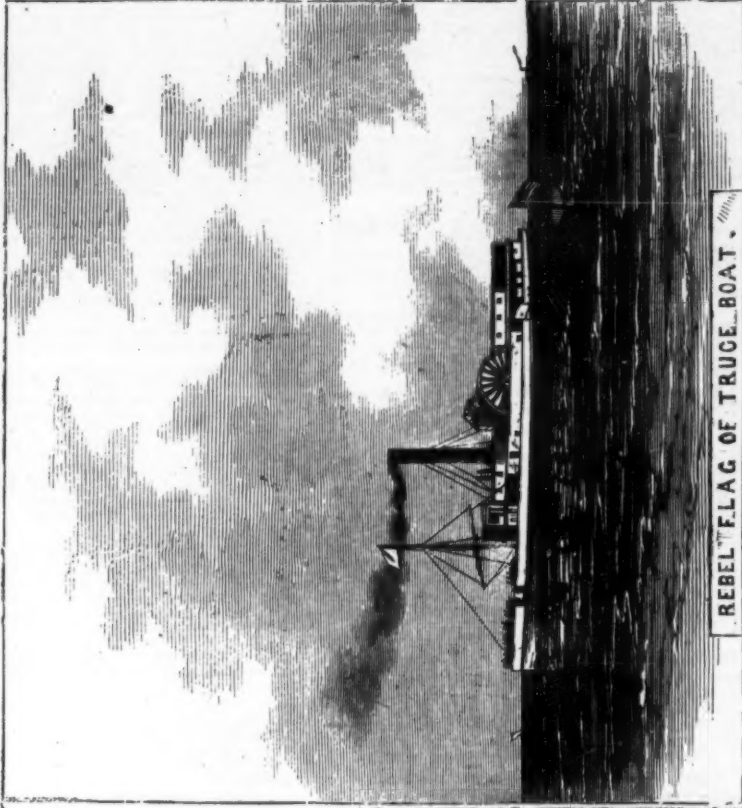
Lord Lyons, after leaving Mr. Seward and the happy family of diplomats, visited Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Fredericton and other cities in British America. On all occasions he ridiculed the idea of a war between England and the United States. He also told a prominent French merchant, whom he met at Sharon Springs, that there could be no war between France and America, as the Mexican affair was susceptible of a diplomatic solution.



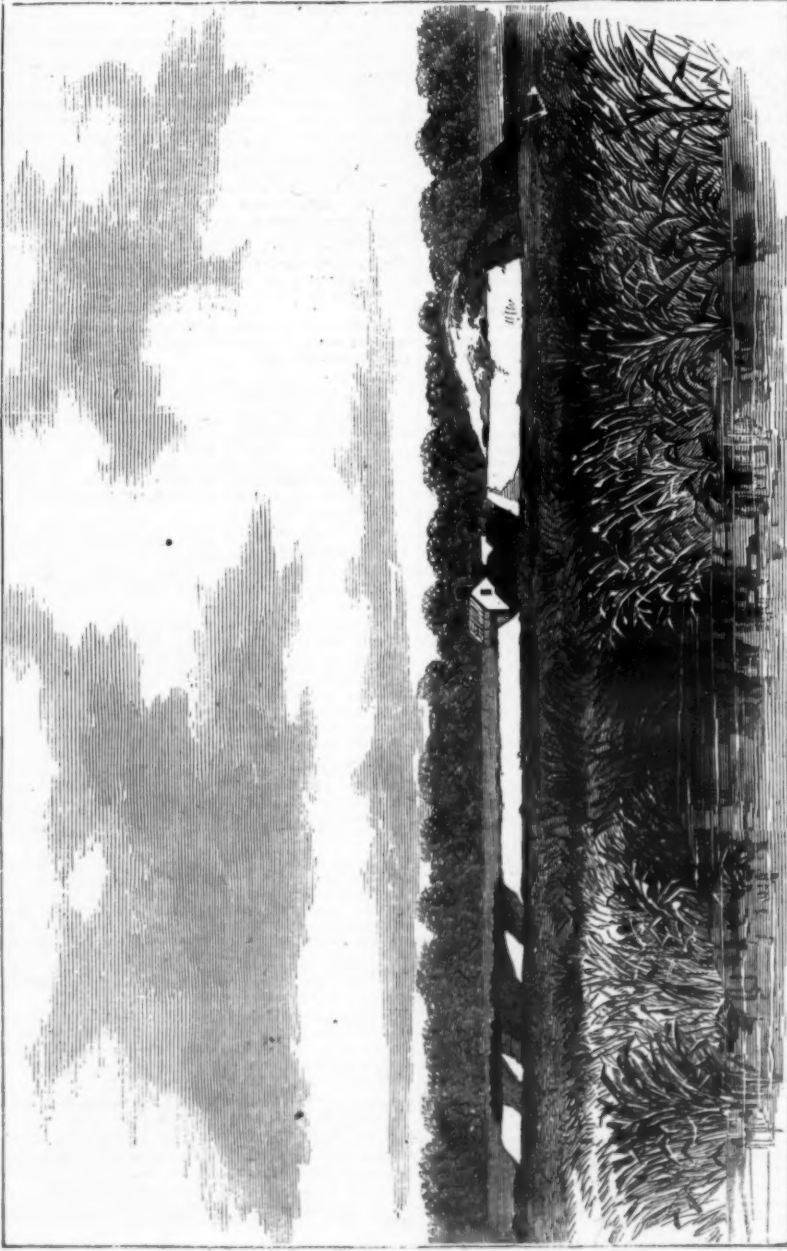
REBEL RAM RECONNOITRING.



BATTERY BEE SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.



REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOAT.





THE SOLILOQUY OF LIBERTY.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Oh, nation of my hope,
Prove true! I said—
The lines of thy horoscope
My Chaldean lore hath read;
And far through the night burns an arc of
light,
Where the prophet-star hath sped:
Prove true! I said.

By God's most sacred hand—
Prove true! I said—
Into a bountiful land
Thine infant steps were led;
And the flower and the vine gave honey and
wine,
Whereby thy life was fed:
Prove true! I said.

Hurt by the wrath of kings—
Prove true! I said—
Thou, under the eagle's wings,
Did'st shelter thy drooping head;
While the rain of thy wound did cover the
ground,
Making the white rose red:
Prove true! I said.

To the holy truth of God
Prove true! I said;
Though struck by his chastening rod,
Or tried in the furnace dread,
Or chained, death-cold, to the rocks of old,
Where vulture hordes were fed:
Prove true! I said.

Oh, people of my love,
Be free! I said;
Till all the fires above
From the altars of Heaven are fled;
Till its halls of light have sevenfold night,
And the spheres are dumb with dread:
Be free! I said.

On Afric's golden strand—
Be free! I said—
The wild wind gave command,
And the ships before it fled,
Ill the Southern wine of this people of mine
With Afric's blood was red:
Be free! I said.

Ah, then fierce madness came—
Be free! I said—
The air was hot with flame,
And the earth with rivers red;
For the guns did roar from shore to shore,
Till the heart of the nation bled:
Be free! I said.

Down fell the slaver's whip—
Be free! I said—
And the clanking chains did slip
From limbs that shook with dread;
While the burning breath of that wind of
death
At the smile of Jehovah fled:
Be free! I said.

Then all the people bowed—
Be free! I said—
For the bolt that hissed in the cloud
From God's right hand had sped;
But Heaven grew bright with sevenfold light,
For the sake of the royal dead:
Be free! I said.

Oh, nation of my hope,
Live long! I said;
With the lines of thy horoscope
A threefold splendor is wed;
For thy stars with the moon, and the sun at
noon,
On golden wings have sped:
Live long! I said.

Live till the seas go dry—
Live long! I said—
Till the sluices of the sky
Their last wild rains have shed
All the roses pale and the seasons fall,
And mountains bury the dead:
Live long! I said.

Thou nation of my heart,
Live long! I said.
Live till the stars depart,
By the wan moon deathward led;
Till the sun drops down, like the shattered
crown
From an old king's dying head:
Live long! I said.
Black Rock, N. Y.

PRIZE STORY No. 29.

WHAT OCCURRED AT GREEN OAKS.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

We were ushered into a beautiful little
octagon room, where sat a lady.

"Miss Virginia Van Rensselaer, Mr. Morton."
The lady drew herself up as she faced the speaker,
and a glance of displeasure flashed from her blue
eyes as she said, rapidly, but with the manner and
accent of a lady, "Mrs. Virginia Briscoe, if you
please."

"I beg pardon, madam, I was not aware that you
had changed your name," said the first speaker,
his brow flushing a little; "I had not heard of your
marriage."

"I forgive you," she said more softly, "but
from what I daily experience, I inferred that you,
too, intended to insult me."

"Far be such a thought from me," was the
astonished reply, and then came a momentary
silence, which seemed longer, and which I occupied
with taking a survey of the lady whose reply had
struck me so oddly.

She was *petite*—very fair, with a cloud of hair of
the rich English color which we call golden. Her
face was capable of great expression, though the
features in their soft prettiness were almost infantile.
Her eyes were surpassingly beautiful, their
shade deepening at times to that violet blue in
which the purple tinge predominates particularly
when she was glad or astonished.

"Upon my word I don't understand it," said my
friend—"Virginia married? I have never heard
of it—and being so intimate a friend of the family
it is the strangest thing in my experience that I
have not—she's but sixteen—scarcely more than a
child—then the way she flashed up when I intro-
duced you! before a stranger, too; that's not like
her—decidedly not like her, at all. Virginia was
always the mildest little creature!"

"But my dear sir," said I, "she must be mar-
ried. Of course it could not be a mere hallucina-
tion—to suppose that is ridiculous. It is probably
some sudden lovelatch—but I never saw so beauti-
ful a creature—it is well for my peace of mind
that she is married."

We talked thus as we walked up the well-kept
lawn, awaiting the return of the rest of the family.
We had started the day before from New York, to
spend a week or two with Major Van Rensselaer,
up the Hudson. Through some mistake the major
had not received my friend's letter, but it made no
difference, he said, he would be just as glad to see
us, and give us a hearty welcome. So it happened
that when we arrived there the major and most of
his family were absent on a day's excursion, and
Virginia alone, who for some reason had remained
at home, received us.

The major's house was situated upon a com-
manding eminence, overlooking the beautiful river
and the opposite bluffs, which at that season of
the year seemed a mighty kaleidoscope of colors,
varying in intensity of brilliancy from the softest gray
to the ruddiest crimson and deepest shade of black,
the latter caused by the long aisles of trees that
seemed to lead into obscure caverns. Everywhere
the gleaming heavens were veiled with a soft

scarlet haze, that bespoke the sun's going down,
and quick flashes of the same misty light broke
over the atmosphere at intervals. Suddenly, as
we came to a turn before hidden by the trees, a
hearty, cheery voice cried out:

"My old friend Malcom, by all that's witty and
wise; welcome to Green Oaks. Here, Maria, here's
somebody you've been crying your eyes out to see."

"Harry, for shame to speak so," said a pleasant-
faced girl, turning red, as she advanced smil-
ingly towards my friend, offering him her hand.
The major was a large, handsome man, looking
young at fifty, with red cheeks, blue eyes, hair
almost flax color, like his sister Virginia's. A per-
petual youth seemed settled upon his countenance—
one might have told at a glance that the cheerful,
happy heart of a boy beat underneath that ample
vest. My recognition and welcome were as hearty
as my friend's, and in the course of the next fifteen
minutes I felt as much at home as if I had been
an inmate of the family for years. First there was
the major—next to him his wife, a woman of plain
but cheerful countenance, whom to look upon was
instinctively to trust and admire—Miss Maria Van
Rensselaer, a delicate-looking girl of nineteen or
twenty summers, master Frank, only son, of the
mature age of ten, and cousin Dolly, a common-
place sort of woman who lived in the house as
friend and dependant. I had been a sort of gover-
ness to master Frank.

"I'm delighted that you and your friend came up
just now," said the major changing his fishing
tackle which he still held in his hand—"its fruit
time, you see, and my grapes and peaches are long-
ing for somebody to come and eat them. It mor-
tifies them, you know, to hang unappreciated and
unappropriated—ha ha! Have you been up to the
house? Did you see Jennie?"

Maria was walking with me just ahead of us
were the major, his wife and my friend—so that
we could hear their conversation when carried on
in a moderate tone.

"So you saw little Jennie?" said the major,
again.

"Yes, and I was never more astonished at any
thing in my life than to hear that she was mar-
ried."

"What! she got that off on you, too!"

"Why, is it not so?"

"All bosh! my dear fellow. I am terribly wor-
ried about that poor girl. Married? no; she is no
more married than you are, and I question if you
have entered the silken bonds since I saw you last;"
and then followed some more remarks in a low
tone—the only words of which I could catch now
and then being, "trance—illusion—perfectly de-
luded," and others of the same import. We reached
the house soon after, spent a pleasant evening and
retired at a somewhat earlier hour.

"Well," said Malcom, as he threw himself down
upon the lounge in our room, "the mystery is
solved. It's the queerest story I ever heard, upon
my honor—the strangest hallucination."

"Then she really is not married."

"Married! no; she has scarcely had a lover.
Why, the child is scarcely past sixteen."

"Well, what in the world has possessed her?
She evidently believes herself a wife."

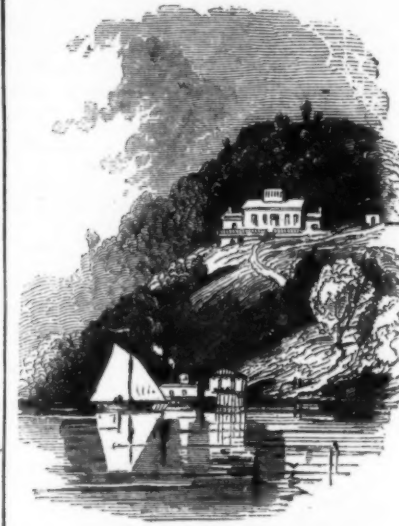
"True, and the major says he would give the
best part of his fortune to any one who would dis-
possess her of that idea. He told me all about it
this afternoon. It seems that while at school, last
summer, she fell out of a swing and was taken up
senseless. The swoon lasted for some time—I
think twenty-four hours. After that, for two or
three months she was subject to these trances, if
they may be called so; and after she came out of
the last one, which she had some three or four
weeks after her removal from the school, she first
began to give signs of this strange hallucination.
She believes herself to have been married on the
eve of some holiday, and that her husband left her
immediately after the ceremony was performed,

and is now a captain in the Federal service. What
makes it still more singular is the fact that there
is really a Captain Briscoe in the army, and it
would be amusing, if it was not for the sadness of
the delusion, to see how she watches the papers, to
get information about him. This Captain Briscoe
she could never have seen, for the major took the
pains to find out in what regiment the man serves,
and even to bring home his photograph, which lies
now on the parlor table."

"And did she recognise it?"

"Not at all; she looked at it as she would the
picture of the merest stranger, and inquired who
it was. When told that it was Captain Briscoe, of
the 37th New York, she merely smiled, said they
were mistaken, for it was not at all like the cap-
tain, and has never spoken about it since. The
picture, by the way, happens to be remarkably
ugly."

"And she still persists in the delusion?"



Steamboat Landing on the Hudson.

"Yes; about everything else she is perfectly
sane; upon that point, too, she talks quite natu-
rally, as you will find if you gain her confidence. It
must be provoking to those who are constantly
with her. Now, you know the doctors say that
irritation must be met by counter-irritation. I've
been thinking if this strange phantom-love could
be overcome by a real affection—for instance, if
you, whom I brought here expressly for the pur-
pose of falling in love with her—there's no harm
in telling you now—could inspire her with deep
sentiments of regard for you, why, it might prove
an antidote for this ridiculous whim. She's a love-
able creature, is little Virginia, and beautiful, too."

"She's indeed very beautiful," was my reply,
"but I cannot hope to supplant this gallant cap-
tain, except it might be by some military strat-
agem."

"The major would be eternally obliged to you,"
said Malcom, springing up from his seat. "Vir-
ginia is his pet sister—the youngest of the flock,
left in his care by her dying mother, and he deeply
deplores this unlucky freak, which, unless it is
counteracted, may result in insanity. He has con-
sulted with several eminent physicians—one of
them at the head of the best hospital of the insane
in the country. He gave it as his opinion that he
could cure her if she could go to him, but the major
seriously objects to sending her away at this time.
She is very much attached to home, and would
understand perfectly well where she was going, so
that the result might be more serious than the
lunacy, which, at all events, is not a violent one.
We must see what your handsome face will do in
the matter. She was evidently attracted by your
appearance, or she would not have sung for you.
Since her supposed husband is in the war, she sel-
dom sings for anybody."

I said nothing, but all night I lay awake, re-
volving not unpleasant thoughts in my mind, de-
vising plans, and rejecting them; but uppermost
was the image of that beautiful face that, I must
confess, haunted me more than I chose to tell.

The two following days passed like a dream.
Boating, driving, walking, enjoying the luscious
fruit that hung from trellis and tree, having for my
companion the sweet little maiden whose blue eyes
had become necessary to my happiness, made up
the sum of an exquisite enjoyment.

One evening we sat in groups upon the piazza.
The moon poured a flood of light on the sylvan
prospect. The waters of the kindly Hudson glit-
tered with a brilliancy that myriads of diamonds
could not eclipse; the beautiful heights rose royally
beyond, touched with the finest, most subdued
tinting, that melted into rich depths of shadow,
leaving nothing to be desired. The repose and
grandeur of the scene made one think of Paradise.
Under the trailing vines sat Virginia and I; her
usually pale cheeks flushed; her eyes bright with
excitement; she was talking about her myth.

"Was it not rather sudden to your friends," I
asked, "this marriage of yours to the captain?"

"Oh, they knew nothing whatever about it," she
replied, with suppressed glee.

"I met him while I was at school," she added.
"I shall never forget the day. It was in midsum-
mer, and I had dressed myself all in white. I had
gone into a beautiful grove connected with the
grounds of the institution, and sitting down there
alone, I must have fallen asleep. I remember be-
ing awakened by a singular impression, and spring-
ing up, there stood my fate. But how foolish to be
telling you of this!"

"Not at all; I assure you I am intensely inter-
ested. I am thinking about going in the army
myself, and should be delighted to make the cap-
tain's friendship. Pray, who does he resemble?"



Mr. Morton and the Fair Monomaniac by Moonlight.

"You will smile when I tell you that he looks very much like yourself."

"Like me!" I was astonished, and not a little gratified.

"Yes, but he has the most beautiful moustache, and a charming waving beard, like meshes of the finest silk. How splendid he must be in uniform!"

"You honor me by tracing a resemblance in my face to the man who could win your love," I said, and I could see that she was gratified with the compliment. "If ever it should be my good fortune to find a woman who resembles Virginia, I shall be proud if I can prevail upon her to take my name. You cannot think how often I have sincerely wished that you were not married."

"Mr. Morton," she cried, indignantly, a deep blush mounting to her cheek, "never let me hear such words again."

"I beg pardon, most sincerely," I said, turning away to conceal a smile that would come in spite of me, "but remember, I was led to believe that you were unmarried."

"And so you came wife-hunting? Well, there's my sister—she is single."

"Not exactly that," I replied, "but you struck my sight as such a vision of loveliness that, but for—I will be silent—don't be angry."

"No, I will not; you are very frank."

"Always; but I will try to resist the desire to speak with plainness, or I shall offend."

"Do you know," she queried, with a look of mingled cunning and satisfaction, "that people won't believe I am married?"

"I have told you that it was hard for me to realize it."

"Nonsense, you are a stranger. I mean brother Harry and his wife, and all my old friends and acquaintances. They'll have to believe it when my captain comes home."

"Which I hope may not be very soon, at all events."

"Take care, or I shan't like you," she said, pouting a little.

"Then you do not dislike me?"

"How can I, when you remind me so constantly of the captain? If you were not like him and a gentleman, I should treat you as I treat others."

"You have never seen him in uniform, then?" I said, catching at the thread of an idea that presented itself to my mind.

"Not in full dress. How splendid he must look!" and she regarded me with almost an expression of fondness, as if she traced in my lineaments the features of her mythical husband.

"Ah, but sometimes these soldiers are great scoundrels. He ought to have given you proof of good lineage, of respectability and honor."

"His face was proof enough," she said shortly.

"Ah! then I flatter myself I might pass for an honest man."

"Yes, but you are not as handsome as he is."

"Oh, no! I didn't lay any claim to being handsome. But are you not afraid of the night dews? Come in and sing me something for the captain's sake, and then I must bid you a long farewell."

"Why, pray?" she asked hastily.

"I leave to-morrow."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" and her expression of regret was genuine.

"I must not remain here longer—I dare not," I whispered, bending down. "Where should I be if the captain comes?"

"Oh, but he may not come this great while," she said naively.

"He must come at last," I responded, shaking my head.

"He will like you—and—and you will like him."

"Never!" I said earnestly, and with emphasis.

"Ah, that is selfish!"

"I cannot help it."

"I will sing for you," she said, in a low voice; "but I am sorry you are going away."

I took her hand; it trembled, and I did what, if her claims had been real, I could not have done for any life—drew it to my lips and kissed it fervently.

"You must not do that again," she said, gently, but I could see that she was very much agitated.

Could it be possible that the illusion was vanishing? We went in alone to the music-room, and she sang all the songs I called for, among them one in which she threw such wondrous beauty that I could have listened to the sweet voice till morning. It was the old ballad, "Edinbro' Toon." Never had I heard it sung as she sang it. That night her farewell was almost tender, and after I left her I was closeted with the major, her brother, for an hour or longer.

"If you carry this project through, young man, and it results as I think it will, you will make me one of the happiest men in Christendom; and you will have earned not only our gratitude, but one of the best and gentlest of beings for a bride. But think carefully before you decide; this trouble may be caused by some permanent derangement of the brain—it may break out again."

"I am willing to risk the consequences," I said.

"Having studied medicine myself, I can form a tolerable diagnosis of her state, and I have studied her constantly. The only question is, may I have her if I cure her?"

"Most assuredly. She is a sweet darling; our pet and baby! God only knows how dearly I love her, and how deeply I deplore the singular state of her mind. As you must see, she will make you a faithful wife and a loving one."

My plan was now mapped out. I left Malcom to pursue his interesting study of Miss Maria, for I plainly saw how that matter would terminate, and devoted myself to the object in question, upon the success of which hung my happiness, for I could not disguise the fact that Virginia had become very dear to me. I passed a month at my own home, where I procured a full military suit of a captain's grade, and assiduously cultivated a moustache. The beard was not easily coaxed forward, and I accordingly supplied myself at the hairdressing shop of a famous dealer in that article, a long, glossy brown

beard, perfectly distinguished in color, texture and length.

At last all things were ready. Malcom, who was in correspondence with me, signified that since my departure Virginia had been very restless, and had spoken less frequently of the mythical captain, though the delusion appeared unchanged in force and character. He stated that they had, in accordance with my wishes, fallen into her humor, and talked of the captain as if he were a real personage; that it appeared to please her, and that still she seemed unaccountably nervous and at times depressed; that she often spoke of me and sang the tunes I liked.

There was evidently a dual impression acting upon her brain. She had been pleased with my appearance at the first, and connecting it with that of her ideal husband, fancied that he resembled me. This, with an unconscious magnetism acting upon her nerves, an effluence of my intense affection for her, had no doubt given her a mental impression that the two were akin. I dared to believe that already she loved me without being aware of it, and this impression was strengthened by the fact that she spoke of me and sang the songs I loved. At length all was completed, and one brilliant afternoon, in the deeps of September, I presented myself as a stranger before the inmates of Green Oaks, and sent in my card, upon which was inscribed the name:

"EUGENE MORTON BRISCOE,
Capt. U. S. A."

The family was prepared to meet me; Virginia was out, but would be in soon. I seated myself, resplendent in my uniform, my false beard, my real moustache.

"What a turnout!" whispered Malcom. "You will take the poor child by storm."

"Which I mean to do," was the reply.

"What a very great improvement the beard is," said Maria, looking fondly at the stubby bristles that adorned the chin (or rather, in their embryonic state, disfigured it) of her intended.

In a moment more I saw the white garments of my love fluttering in the soft, southerly air. The figure was beautiful enough for a hour, encircled by a bright blue sash, whose long ends floated gracefully over the shining folds of her dress.

"Now, Morton; I don't envy you. Shall we all retire?" queried the major, rising in some excitement.

"Perhaps I had better retire into another room, and she can be informed that I am there," I said.

"Just the thing! Go into the east room—I will tell her."

I seated myself near the door of the east room, where I could hear all that passed. Virginia entered, a chorus of voices, the major's above them all:

"Who do you think has come, darling?"

"I don't know. Who?" breathlessly.

They gave her the card. A low cry of delight followed, and then the words:

"Now you will believe me; now you know that Virginia was right!"

Her voice trembled. They indicated where I was. At that moment my heart was giving great leaps, but I schooled myself to calmness, with difficulty awaiting her entrance. When she came it was no difficult task to receive her in my arms, to press kiss after kiss upon her forehead, to call her my wife.

"I knew you would come!" she almost sobbed; "but they would not believe it. Was it not cruel of them?"

"Very cruel, my darling. Are they prepared to receive me as their relative? Will they let me claim you as my bride?"

"What should hinder?" she said, blushing.

"And yet they have been so sceptical! You must see my brother, Major Van Rensselaer. He loves me; I am very sure he could not deny me any happiness. But—but—" she added, confusedly—"I seem to have known you before!"

"My darling, how could you help it? Are you not mine—my own?"

This bewildered delighted me; it assured me that the temporary derangement was giving place to a natural and healthy tone of mind.

"But what will you say if I admit that I have deceived you?" I said.

"You—you—deceive me!"

"My name, darling, is not Briscoe; that is the name of a relative. My real name is Morton."

"Morton—Morton! Why that is—"

She scanned me again, her eyes full of wonder.

"Did you ever know any one of that name, my dear?"

"Yes; a gentleman who has been here, his name was Morton, and I told him he looked like you."

"Ah! A cousin, perhaps. I have several, and the family all look very much alike. But had I not better have a formal introduction to your family?"

"Oh, yes—I had not thought of that! Come, we will go in; I hope now they will believe me!"

So we went in, where I endured in, I think, a very businesslike manner the congratulations of my friends, and managed to behave as much like a stranger as possible under the circumstances. If there one or two smothered laughs in our vicinity I contrived not to hear them. Then came a consultation with the major in private, apparently upon this subject, while really he was so convulsed with laughter he could hardly say a word, and when he did it was all congratulatory. When I joined Virginia again I had a plan to propose.

"Your brother, dearest, tells me he is not willing to give you to me without seeing us married. Now this is perfectly proper; as, unfortunately, I neglected, in my great hurry, to get a certificate of our marriage. Therefore, as it will do no harm, I propose that we get married over again, and that the wedding take place a week from to-night, Malcom and your sister Maria having decided to

join hands at that time in holy matrimony. What say you?"

"I will agree to anything that will please you and my brother," she replied, like a darling as she was.

And thus it came to pass I won my wife, my pretty, girlish yet wise little wife, who has since told me that upon that day her belief in the myth of the past was for the first time shaken. She understands all now, and laughs at the recollection of old times as heartily as any of us. Nor has she ever had any more attacks of the kind, and I believe she never will again. Maria and Malcom are also very happy, and the major insists upon our staying, all of us, at beautiful Green Oaks.

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

BY CAROLINE EVANS.

YES, loving friend, my youth is o'er;
No longer mine those blessed years;
And I must mourn that now no more
The future smiles beyond my tears.

Ah, who could tear the flowers apart
That Autumn's breath has not yet chilled?
And who could mock the faithful heart
Whose throbbing time has never stilled?

The lamps, whose radiance cheers some tomb,
Made holy by this sacred fire;
How chilling grows the appalling gloom
As one by one these lamps expire.

So hopes, which cheered my path with smiles,
So tender joys for which I prayed,
Affection's dreams, ambition's wiles,
With all their glittering promise fade.

Then chide me not, that still I weep,
Nor smile at unavailing tears,
These shining drops in memory keep
The sacredness of bygone years.

Baltimore, Md.

The Coquette's Trials.

By Lucy A. Randall.

EVENING in the great city! The purple glow of sunset had long since melted into gray gloom behind the tapering array of church spires that stood, like solemn sentinels, against the rosy west; the restless wind, that all day long had whirled through crowded streets, carrying eddies of suffocating dust on its wings, as remorselessly as though it had not freshly come from country hillsides, where velvet streaks of grass were beginning to peep on sunny slopes and March violets were timidly opening their blue eyes along the course of singing brooks, had hushed itself to repose, like a tired child, as the daylight died away. Evening and darkness had come, but not rest; the vast, pulsing heart of a city knows no rest.

The heavy curtains of amethystine silk were drawn in Horace Vere's sitting room, in the Hotel, the high-heaped grate glowed and sparkled as if its polished bars contained live rubies instead of everyday anthracite, and the stately mirrors and gilded picture-frames flashed back the radiance from the chandeliers that depended, a circle of lights, from the ceiling. The carpet was emerald velvet, strewn with prays of golden moss, and the whole apartment bore evidence of wealth, not unaccompanied by taste.

There were only two occupants of the room. Horace Vere lounged by the mantel, leaning one elbow on the carved marble, and gazing pensively into the fire. He was about twenty-two, tall and slender, with dark, brilliant eyes, whose pencilled lashes drooped almost to his olive cheek, and chestnut brown hair, with a strong proclivity towards curling in careless waves about his forehead. Very handsome the ladies all pronounced him; and even the gentlemen, prone as they are to render unfavorable verdicts towards the darlings of the other sex, couldn't deny that Horace Vere was a good sort of fellow.

His companion, Col. Thorne, sat comfortably before the grate, his feet perched on the fender, and a fragrant cigar between his lips. How shall we photograph the colonel for the benefit of our readers? Not so young as Horace, certainly, for the jetty locks around his bronzed temples were dashed with threads of silver; not so handsome, for his features were rather irregular, though expressive of sense and good humor; but a jovial, gay-spirited comrade, whom everybody liked, such was Col. Thorne.

They had been silent for a few seconds, the fire snapped and crackled in the grate, and the clock ticked its musical refrain from an alabaster bracket on the wall; while Horace Vere looked dreamily down, and Thorne watched the curling rings of spicy blue smoke as wreathed upward from his cigar. Suddenly he spoke again:

"Upon my word, Horace, I gave you credit for more good sense."

Horace Vere raised his large, splendid eyes from the particular moss-spray on the carpet which they had been deciphering, and shrugged his shoulders rather impatiently.

"I tell you, Thorne, I am madly in love with the girl. What would you have a fellow to do?"

"Do? Why, take my advice—go off to Europe or somewhere, and forget the pretty minx!"

"Forget her!" repeated Vere, in an accent of bitter sarcasm. "Can I forget the heart throbbing in my breast, or the breath of life that animates my whole being?"

"I don't know whether you can or not," replied the colonel, philosophically, knocking the ashes from the flaming tip of his weed; "but I do know

that you can dismiss Minnie Vane from your heart if you wish."

"Never!" sighed Horace.

"My dear boy," remonstrated the colonel, elevating his eyebrows, "don't make a blockhead of yourself. Don't go to playing inconsolable lover; the part don't become you, on my word and honor, it don't! I had far rather see you the merry, laughing fellow you were three months ago. If this is the result of your chance meeting with Minnie Vane, I heartily wish she had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before she had come across you! She's pretty enough, I suppose—though I can't say I fancy the pink-cheeked and blue-eyed style myself; and she's got a nice little white hand and charming dimpled shoulders, but so have forty other girls! Don't be a fool, Horace, all for the sake of a golden-haired coquette, who don't care a pin for you. What are you doing now, may I venture to inquire?"

For Horace was leisurely drawing on his gloves. "Going to Mrs. Delaplaine's—Minnie is to be there to-night."

"That's right!" said the colonel, sarcastically. "Rush headlong into the candle's flame, you sentimental, deluded, young moth; get your wings scorched if you like, I'm not aware that it's any of my business. Only, as your father's old friend, I did suppose you might listen, for once, to a little sober, sensible advice."

"I assure you, colonel, that I appreciate it," said Horace, pausing to clasp the elder gentleman's hand with cordial tenderness. "But—I am in love—that's the only excuse I can plead for not heeding it as it deserves. To-night, however, I intend to ascertain Minnie's real feelings towards me. One way or the other my fate must be decided; this suspense is killing me."

And indeed his face was very pale, and the uneasy, wavering brilliance of his eyes witnessed a mind ill at ease.

"Well, good luck to you, my boy," said Thorne, cheerfully. "I'll stay here and finish my cigar, and see what the last nonsense is in the evening papers. Give my love to any nice widows you may happen to see at Mrs. Delaplaine's."

"Had not you better accompany me, and deliver your message in person?" said Horace, smiling faintly.

"Not I!" quoth the colonel, shrugging his shoulders. "Catch me running into the lion's mouth. No, no! If ever I get a wife she'll have to do the best part of the courting herself."

Horace laughed and disappeared. The colonel settled himself for a comfortable evening of reading and smoking, with the passing murmur of:

"Poor boy, poor boy! he is very much in love; that's patent to the world. Well, I hope she'll put him out of his misery to-night, for once and all. Of course she'll accept him; she would be a fool not to do so, a noble young fellow like that, with wealth, beauty and stainless character to back his suit. Half the girls in New York are bewitched after him. But—there's never any telling which way these confounded women will jump! Poor Horace, poor boy!"

And Col. Thorne experienced an indescribable sensation of self-gratulation that he was a bachelor.

What an aristocratic crowd there was at Mrs. Delaplaine's that night. The air was heavy with faint sweet odors from the tropical flowers that wreathed the marble balustrades, and hung in glowing festoons from the arched doorways. The chandeliers were all ablaze; the ceilings, a mass of gold and rose-colored frescoes, hung over the swaying throng like the sky of some southern isle, where sunset far outstrips the pen of poet or the brush of artist. Scarlet cactuses tossed their chalice of perfume in carved niches, banks of creamy tuberose stood on marble pedestals, and from the open doors of the conservatory, where colored lamps gleamed like misty moons amid the perfumed gloom of orange trees and feathery acacia boughs, there came the soft, musical drip of playing fountains, whose showers of silvery spray gleamed like jewel-pendants in the uncertain light.

Horace Vere stood leaning against the flower-garlanded pillars through which the entrance to the conservatory lay, utterly unconscious of the brilliant host sweeping by him, blind to the flash of diamonds on fair necks and rounded arms, deaf to the whisper and hum that rose and fell like the waves of the sea. He only knew there was one person in the room—Minnie Vane.

"Minnie, here is young Vere watching you!" whispered a soft voice into the ear of the radiant belle of the evening.

"What then?" was Minnie's careless retort. "What is it to me whether he goes or stays? Do clasp my bracelet, Nelly!"

Horace Vere heard the words, and they pierced like a knife to his heart of hearts.

How lovely she looked, the sweet, cruel enchantress, in her bright dress of floating lace, the pearls shining on her lovely neck, scarcely less white than they, and the rosebuds swinging amid her golden curls. No flower in all the tropic bloom of the conservatory bore a softer carmine in its heart than glowed on her fresh cheek, no jewel flashed more radiantly than her deep sapphire eyes! Ah! she knew that she was beautiful—she knew it all too well.

Horace Vere watched her as she whirled lightly past to the sweet accents of violin, bugle and silver-throated opheide; he saw her shower her smiles on every side, and bend her bright looks on scores of eager aspirants; and still he lingered. He was determined that this night the final decision should be pronounced, and finally the moment came.

"Minnie—Miss Vane," he whispered, as she paused a minute near him.

"Dear me, Mr. Vere, is that you?"

"Minnie, may I speak one moment with you?"

"Certainly; only be quick, for Lieut. Morse is waiting."

He drew her into the conservatory, where the

dim lamps glowed among the flowers, and then, in a hurried manner, told her simply that he loved her, that his whole happiness in life depended on her.

"If you can return my love, dearest Minnie, I shall be the happiest man that ever walked the earth. If not—"

"Well, what then?"

"I shall sail for Europe, perhaps for ever—certainly for years."

She was silent. He could not see the crimson on her cheek and brow, nor hear the beating of her heart. Oh, had she but followed its true and noble influences, had she but trusted her future to the guidance of her reckless, uncertain, but yet most loyal little heart!

"Minnie, shall I go or stay?"

Alas! for the coquettish impulses that had become a sort of second nature to her!

"I am sure," she pouted, tearing a scarlet blossom petulantly into bits—"I am sure it is nothing to me whether you go or stay."

He silently turned away as Lieut. Morse came up to claim her for the waltz. Was he going then? Was he leaving her in very truth? The color rushed in burning torrents to her face, and then receded. She strove to call Horace Vere's name, but no sound proceeded from her parched lips. A moment's dizzy bewilderment, and she lay, whiter than the rose upon her breast, on Lieut. Morse's arm.

"Why, Miss Vere, are you ill? What can possibly be the matter? Hal—loo! I believe she has fainted!" ejaculated the gallant lieutenant. "It's the odor of these confounded flowers! It can't be anything else!"

Essence bottles, eau-de-cologne and smelling salts, borne by a crowd of excited ladies, eddied in on every side. Minnie's fair curls were drenched with scented waters, her jewelled hands chafed and her head supported—but when she came to herself once more, he was gone!

"Off for Europe in good earnest, eh, my boy?" questioned Thorne, as he stood watching Vere toss hats, boots and cravats miscellaneous into the depths of sundry yawning trunks. "Well, it's the most sensible thing you can do!"

"I think so myself, colonel," said Horace, calmly. "And perhaps it would have been better for me had I taken your advice earlier. Yes, I am off in good earnest this time. In foreign countries, doubtless, I shall learn to forget that lovely coquette!"

He spoke with a sort of sobbing sigh, as if this ill-fated love must be crushed out of his heart.

"That's right," said Thorne, wringing the young man's hand, his own eyes slightly moist. "Forget her, and you'll come back heartwhole!"

Forget her, as if that were possible! Five years had passed away. Five years work many changes sometimes. Ask the mother who has kept the calendar with tears—tears shed over the graves of her little ones; ask the widowed one; ask him who has drunk the bitter cup of adversity since "five years ago!" Sometimes the golden wheel of time revolves noiselessly among fresh roses—sometimes, alas, it passes through the black waters of Marah, and crushes breaking hearts under its remorseless weight.

It was a stormy December night. The snow had fallen steadily, noiselessly, all day long, and with the gray descent of twilight a wailing wind had risen, sweeping the light drifts before it in blinding clouds. The solemn old woods were all whitened with ermine ridges, the fences along the lonely roads were hidden in the heaps of snow, and still it came down with bewildering rapidity.

You could scarcely have seen the little farmhouse in the hollow, had you not known its whereabouts, so completely was it isolated by night and storm. The huge maple, whose arms in summer time were wreathed with the softest growth of green leaves, shook and creaked ominously in the furious blast—the casements rattled, and the snow, piled upon the ledges, accumulated with every rush of the tempest. Yet, through it all, the great fire of bubbling pine logs, full of fragrant resin, and coated with gray moss which blazed up the wide-throated chimney, shone cheerily out into the dark, wild night.

The little kitchen was as neat as a doll's house. The square of rag-carpet which covered its central portion had been shaken until not an atom of dust could have lurked anywhere in its bright warp and woof; the tins upon the shelves glittered like plate glass, and the table neatly set against the wall, with the big Bible, flanked by two shining brass candlesticks, placed upon it, had been scoured until the varnish was nearly off. There was a tall old skeleton of a clock in the corner, whose case of dark polished wood caught the glimmer of the flames and flashed them back again, with a low, monotonous tick—tick, and, although there was no candle burning, the room was as bright and cheerful as need be. Who would wish a more ruddy glow than was cast by that great crackling heap of logs piled on the brass firelogs, with the sparks careering in flying eddies up the chimney, and the live embers dropping down in the ashes, with a tinkling sound?

"It's a dreadful night!" ejaculated old Mr. Meade, as he sat before the fire, his silver spectacles pushed up to his forehead, and his butternut-colored coat thrown back, that the full influence of the genial blaze might penetrate his whole system.

"Yes," said Mrs. Meade, picking up a dropped stitch in her knitting, "and we'd ought to be very thankful we're snug under cover, with plenty of pine sticks to burn."

"Well, I am thankful, ain't I?" said Mr. Meade, jerking the back log a poke. "We're poor folks, Jerry, but we ain't never wanted yet!"

"More'n that," said Mrs. Meade, "we've enough to live on ourselves besides takin' care of Minnie, poor child!"

"Our own sister's darter," said the old farmer.

"Well, well—when Martin Vane married Fanny,

who'd ever ha' s'posed he'd die without a cent, and his wife follow him into the grave in less than a month? And who'd ever have expected that pretty girl, brought up to set on a sofa with folded hands, could turn to, as Minnie has done?"

"She's a good gal, Minnie is," returned Mrs. Meade, "but so changed from what she was when I went visitin', six years ago, to brother Martin's, in the city. So sobered down."

"Well, who wouldn't be sobered down to lose everything you had in the world in one month?—parents and property, and everything else?"

"Tain't that, Simon," said Mrs. Meade. "Not entirely, I mean. Minnie has had some deep trouble besides that, I reckon, that she won't tell on!"

"Fiddlestick!" said the farmer, laughing good-humoredly. "Here she comes, though."

The door opened, and a slight, graceful figure glided in—our Minnie Vere, yet how changed! In place of satin and jewels she wore dark, simple calico, with warm bands of linen at her throat and wrists—her curls still flowed about her shoulders, but there were no pearls or flowers in their tresses—the rings no longer sparkled on her slender fingers, and the arch glance of her eye and pout of her lip were exchanged for a sweet yet rather mournful look, which became her infinitely! She was very, very beautiful still, however pale her cheek or drooping her lashes.

"I thought I heard a knocking at the door," she said, looking from her uncle to her aunt. "Could it be possible that I was mistaken?"

No—for at the self-same moment the knocking was repeated.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated honest Simon Meade. "I've heered that this long time, but I s'posed as much as could be it was windows rattlin'. I'll go and see who 'tis."

"And mind you don't let 'em in if they're burglars!" shrieked Mrs. Meade, catching involuntarily at Minnie's dress.

But, fortunately for the good lady's peace of mind, no burglar made his advent—but a tall, slender man, with a dark cloak about his shoulders, and his eyes obscured by gigantic blue spectacles. It took several moments for Mr. Meade to discover these general peculiarities, as he stood in the doorway, the snow blowing sharply into his face.

"I believe I have lost my way, sir," said the stranger, courteously. "Might I ask a few hours shelter from the fury of the storm?"

"Sartin, sir, sartin!" exclaimed the old man. "We never turned away one from our house yet in such weather as this, did we, Jerushy? Come in, sir; take the big cheer! Awful weather out, ain't it?"

And uncle Simon gave the fire a huge poke, while Mrs. Meade still held on to Minnie's dress.

"Minnie," she whispered, "are you sure he ain't a burglar? Seems to me them big specks ain't hardly respectable for a decent traveller!"

Minnie burst into a merry peal of laughter at the idea, as she half turned to look at the new comer.

"Why, how white you be, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Meade. "I do declare you're dead beat with being out in this wind. Fly round, Minnie, and get tea ready, and I'll stir up a pitcher of good hot cider. That'll warm you, I guess."

"There is no necessity. I am better now," said the stranger, quietly, and waving his hand as if to deprecate unnecessary trouble.

As Minnie passed to and fro, in the cheerful discharge of her household duties, she paused suddenly as her glance fell upon the stranger's face, and clasped her hands convulsively together.

"It is not possible," she thought; "oh, no; I am mistaken, and yet—"

"There goes my cheeny bowl in a dozen pieces!" exclaimed Mrs. Meade. "Why, Minnie, what does all you? I never knew you so awkward before!"

Minnie turned scarlet and slipped out of the room.

"Well, wife, don't scold!" said the good old farmer. "If ever there was a blessing in our house, Minnie's one! Our niece, sir," he explained to the stranger, "and as good a girl as ever lived, and pretty too!"

Had Horace Vere crossed the ocean once more to be informed of that fact? How his heart beat as he watched her about her avocations—busy, gentle and peaceful. So changed from the idle coquette he had known once—so purified, so refined in the fires of adversity!

But he felt the necessity of restraining his wild emotion. She had already nearly recognized him once, and he sat perfectly silent, listening to the droning voice of the old man and the stormy raging of the tempest without.

The old clock had jangled out nine. Mrs. Meade had already gone to her bedroom, and the old farmer was out taking a last look at the evening comforts of two grizzly crows and a sturdy little horse, ere he followed his wife's example.

"Dumb critters must be cared for," said Mr. Meade, and he plunged out into the snowdrifts accordingly.

Still Horace Vere stood by the wooden mantel—but not the same Horace Vere. The hair was pushed away from the bronzed brow, the disfiguring blue spectacles had disappeared, and he was the tall, handsome man of five years ago—somewhat matured, perhaps, but not otherwise altered. He heard Minnie's light step approaching the door, and his heart beat wildly, tumultuously. He sprang forward involuntarily as she entered.

Did she faint? did she scream, as the heroines of romance are generally expected to do under such circumstances? Neither, but she grew very pale: every drop of blood in her body seemed to stagnate as she stood there, her eyes dilated and her lips apart!

"Horace Vere!"

"Yes, dearest Minnie, come back to plead his cause with you once more! Darling, will you reject me yet a second time? I came here in fear and trembling lest you should scorn me still; but I

have seen your sweet gentleness, and I am at peace. Minnie, will you be my wife?"

She sank into his arms, the golden curls nestling on his shoulder.

"Oh, Horace, I have always loved you!"

"Always, Minnie?"

"Yes, always—even when I scorned you, and when I trampled on your offered affections, then it was that I loved you best!"

An expression of deep pain swept across his countenance.

"Oh, Minnie, had I but known it! Then these trials might have been spared us both!"

"No," she said, her cheeks glowing with renewed lustre, "I needed the bitter lesson to break my rebellious spirit. I brought it upon myself, and in silence and repentance I have borne it. But, dear Horace, I never, never dreamed of this sweet reward at last."

"Minnie," he said, drawing her to the window, "see! The storm is over—the clouds are breaking, and Heaven's stars are shining through the rifts of sky. Even so is it with our lives, sweet one. The storms through which we have passed have but landed us in a harbor of eternal peace!"

"Let me congratulate you, Horace!" said Col. Thorne, grasping his friend's hand earnestly. "I have just been to call upon your wife. How lovely she looks in her diamonds and satins—how like a queen she presides in your luxurious home. Horace, you have the sweetest wife in the world! Adversity has but made her perfect. No coquetry now, eh?"

"She is an angel, Thorne!" exclaimed Vere, fervently.

And we never heard that he had reason to alter his mind on the subject.

"The prettiest thing, however," said Thorne, confidentially to us, many years afterwards, as we were talking of Mrs. Horace Vere, "is to hear her lecture her pretty daughters on the sin and folly of flirting. Who would ever have supposed she had once on a time been such a coquette herself?"

Dear little Minnie! she had "seen the folly of it!"

THE DESERTERS' FATE.

Among the sad scenes of war is that severe punishment, which military law metes out to deserters. The crime of desertion, when not to the enemy, has been frequently, perhaps so far as discipline is concerned, too frequently, pardoned. But of late a new kind of deserters have appeared—men who enlist in order to desert—men who never were for a moment soldiers in heart—impostors, who brave the danger for the chance of obtaining bounties.

Our artist sends us a fine sketch of the imposing array at the execution of five deserters. Kuhn, Felane, Waiter, Keene and Lay, from the 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1st Division, 6th Corps, on Saturday, August 29, in a beautiful valley, near the headquarters of the 1st Division—the whole of Sykes's Corps being drawn up to witness it. The condemned are seated on their coffins, in front of their open graves—their religious attendants, a Jewish rabbi, a Protestant minister, and Catholic priest, being a short distance from them.

The order for their immediate execution was issued by Gen. Griffin, at 3 P. M., and the officer of the day, Capt. Crocker, of the 118th Pennsylvania, recalled the clergy men for their spiritual duties.

At the order to fire, thirty-six muskets were discharged, and instant death was announced by the surgeons in attendance as the result. The bodies were then placed in their respective graves, and the clergy performed the last religious rites over the deceased.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

In our last we stated that the note of preparation had been sounded at the Academy of Music by Max Maretzek, and that this week we might expect a full development of the programme of the ensuing season. We give it to our readers. It is a document worth reading, for it develops the plan of a brilliant campaign for the coming winter and spring. Mr. Maretzek says:

The engagements for the season are as follows:—Prime donna soprano, Madame Giuseppina Medori; Mdle. Clara Louise Kellogg; Madame Antoinette Brignoli-Ortolani; and Mdle. Laura Harri (her first appearance); Prima donna contralto, Mdle. Henrietta Sulzer; comprimaries, Mdle. Fanny Stockton; first tenors, Signor Francesco Mazzoleni, Signor Giovanni Sbriglia and Signor W. Lotti; com primario, Signor T. Rubio; first baritones, Signor Ferdinando Bellini and Signor G. Ypolito; first basses, Signor Annibale Bicchieri and Domenico Colletti; comprimario, Signor W. Muller. Conductors, Max Maretzek and Jaime Nuno; leader, Mr. Ernest Grill; chorus master, Mr. Hartman; stage-manager, Mr. Amati Dubreuil; prompter, Signor L. Blondi; maitre de ballet, Signor D. Ronzani.

The following is the brilliant repertoire announced for the season:—"Ione," Petrella; "I Due Foscari," Verdi; "Lucresia Borgia," Donizetti; and other favorite operas. He will also produce "Roberto Devereux," "Macbeth," Peri's "Judith," and the new opera, entitled "Faust," which created such an extraordinary furor in both opera-houses in London during the last season, and has been performed in Paris over 300 successive nights.

The regular opera nights will be Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. An extra performance will be given every Saturday, thus—upon the first and third Saturdays of the month grand matinees are to be given, and upon the second and fourth Saturdays grand evening lyric representations will be had. Gottschalk's concerts will commence at Irving Hall on Monday evening, the 28th inst. Great preparations are on foot to make these concerts unusually attractive.

Mr. Harry Sanderson, who made such a brilliant success in Havana a few months since, has organized a company for the purpose of concertizing through the island of Cuba. His prospects are most flattering, for the Havana press has made for him a brilliant reputation throughout the whole island.

We regret to learn that Mr. George W. Morgan, the able organist of Grace Church, has resigned his position as conductor of the New York Harmonic Society.

Mr. Gran will shortly return from Europe, to commence business with his excellent opera company. He went abroad on a tour of observation, and he returns, we understand, with the conviction that his present company, Madame Lorini, Mdle. Morensi, Signor Brignoli, with Amadio and Sustaini, could not be improved by any addition or substitution.

During the past week Edwin Forrest has played in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" four times, and to four larger houses than any other living actor could draw in New York, after having been for two seasons seen and heard by our fickle and variety-loving public. Yet "Hamlet" is a part which has excited in his

hands a great variety of opinions, and, we may add, more thorough artistic hostility on the part of a large section of the public than any other of his great Shakespearean embodiments. But this hostile section of the public crowd the theatre as well as his friends and admirers, as any one may discover by waiting in the entrance of those who leave the theatre at the close of the performance. Here a party comes out who are enthusiastically eulogizing the performance they have just beheld. They are followed by one which abuses Mr. Forrest unequivocally and roundly. Then follow a couple of gentlemen who are engaged in an animated dispute upon his performance, each taking a different side of the question. All truly great men, whether they be artists or those who buckle to the no less difficult but more practical questions of the day, whether in science, government or politics, cannot fail in exciting opposition, as they never fail in creating admiration. It is not that they are ever radically wrong that they are abused, or that they are positively right that they are eulogized; but they are examined by different tempera, whether in the daily or artistic life to which they appeal. If Kemble, Kean, Young and Forrest give us four different Hamlets, we must consider that there may be four different intellectual ways of viewing this character. Every possible variation in the modes of viewing it proves that a correspondence to such variation must exist in the human intellect which measures their performance. Hence it is that we consider the opposition which is made to genius its most positive proof; and in our own case would prefer opposing opinions to indiscriminate and general applause, and, consequently, that we consider this opposition in the opinions touching Mr. Forrest's Hamlet as an undeniable proof that we are right in considering it, if not the greatest possible Hamlet, as we conceive the character, as most certainly among the first and most perfect Hamlets that has trodden the stage in the last quarter of a century. This week he plays Brutus in Howard Payne's "Fall of Tarquin," a play which he has not acted in this city for the last ten or eleven years. Although by no means Shakespearean, it is at any rate a good tragedy, and his rendering of Brutus, as we remember it, is a performance grand enough to have veiled its faults, even had it been full of them.

The impression which Mr. Bandmann made in his new character, Narcisse, seems to grow deeper and stronger. Niblo's Garden is crowded to overflowing each night that he appears, and the enthusiasm exhibited is unbounded. It is unquestionably a personation of extraordinary power, and its naturalness is so apparent that the audience receive it at once as a truth, and the electric bond of sympathy is at once established between them and the actor. This power of commanding the sympathy of the public is a rare gift, which genius alone possesses. The curiosity of the public has been thoroughly aroused, and the eager demand for seats in advance will in all probability compel the management to present "Narcisse" every night during Mr. Bandmann's engagement.

The present is the last week of the Ghost at Wallack's Theatre and of Mrs. Bowers at Winter Garden. They have both met with unqualified success, and only disappear from our view in consequence of other engagements. The regular season at Wallack's Theatre will probably commence next week, as the company was called together on the 16th inst.

The Broadway Theatre closed after a season of two nights, in consequence of the severe illness of Mrs. Robertson.

Burnum commences this week his fall and winter campaign, with a strong dramatic company and a new and powerful sensation piece, translated from the German, called "Brunhilda; or, Wake Not the Dead," a title strong enough to draw crowded houses for six months to come. It is said to afford the Ghost many fine and effective situations. The Sioux and Winnebago Indians, the steadfast friends of the whites, are still at the Museum. Their warlike songs and dances excite much admiration. Most rare curiosities have been added to the collection within a few days, which are well worth inspecting.

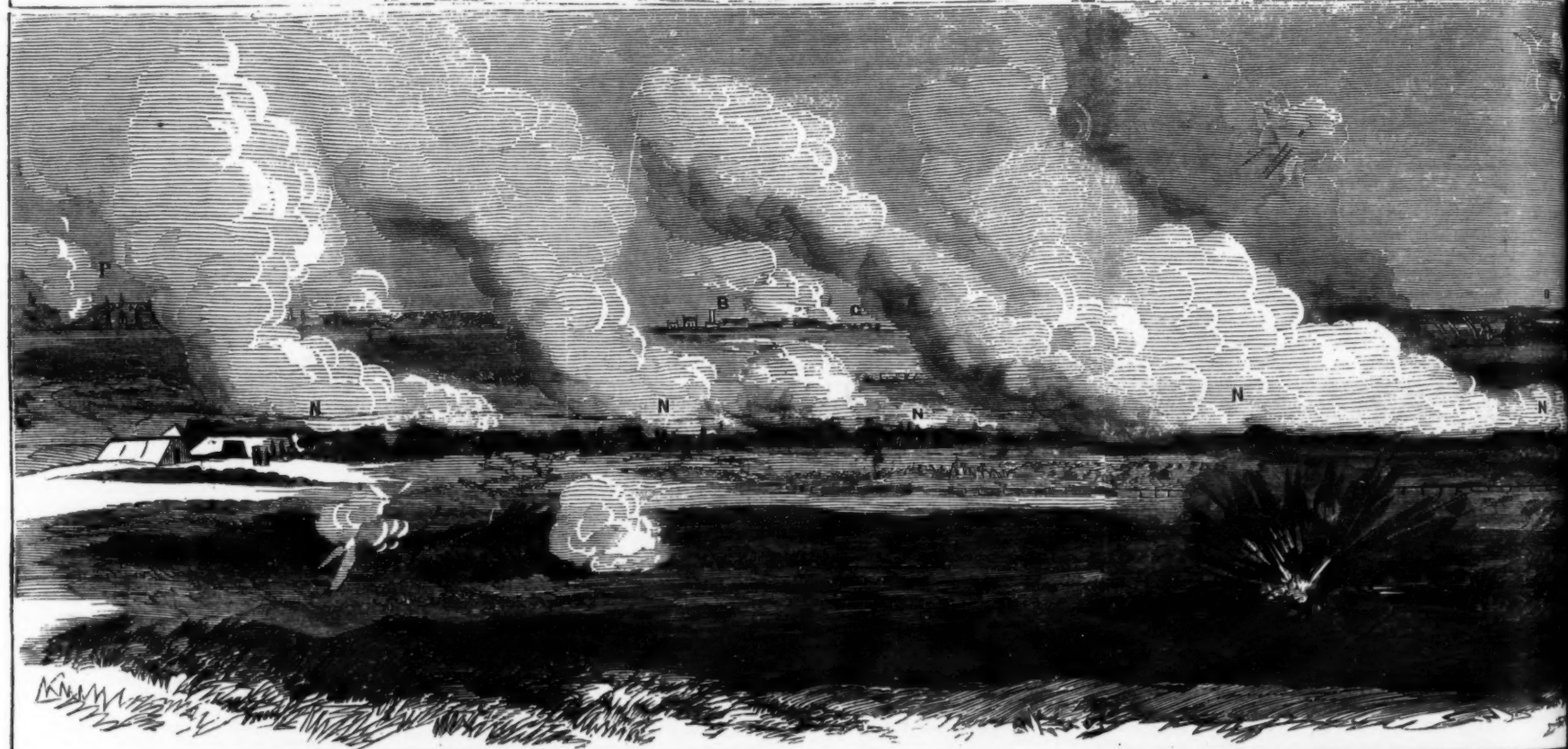
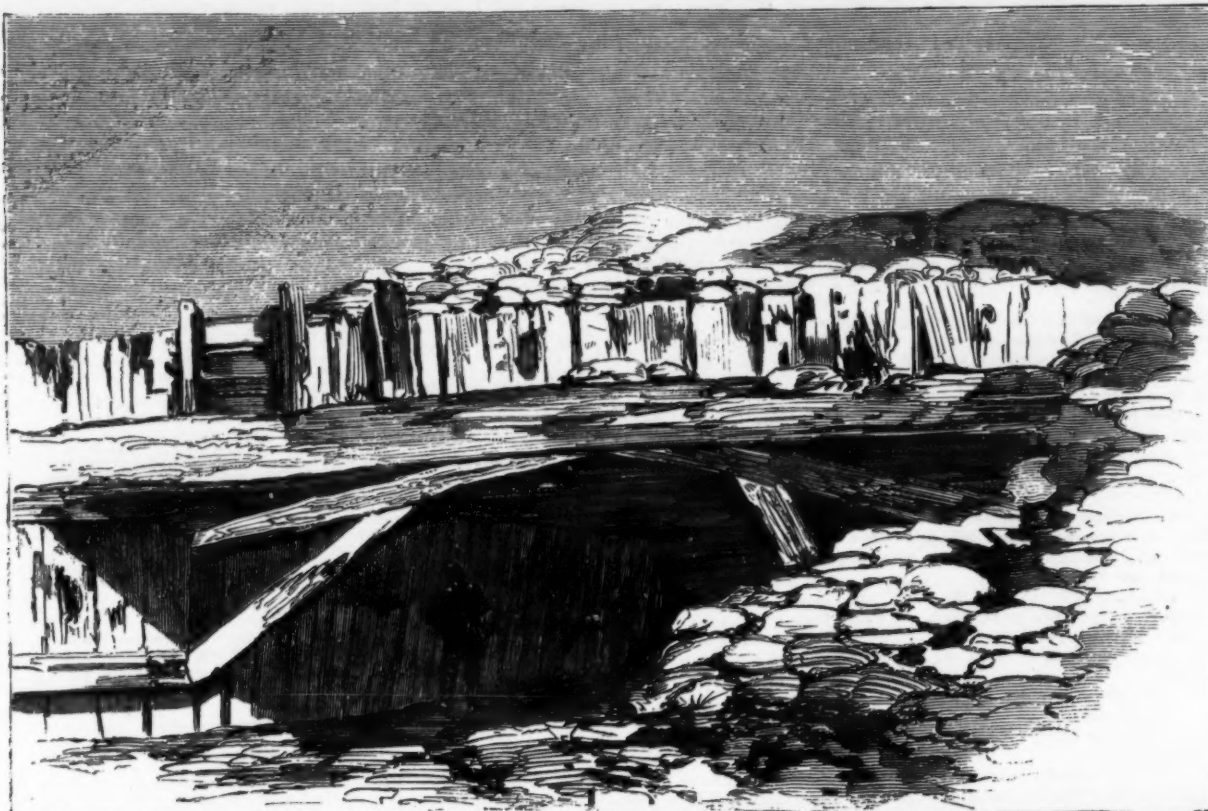
MACBETH.

Made Easy to the Million.

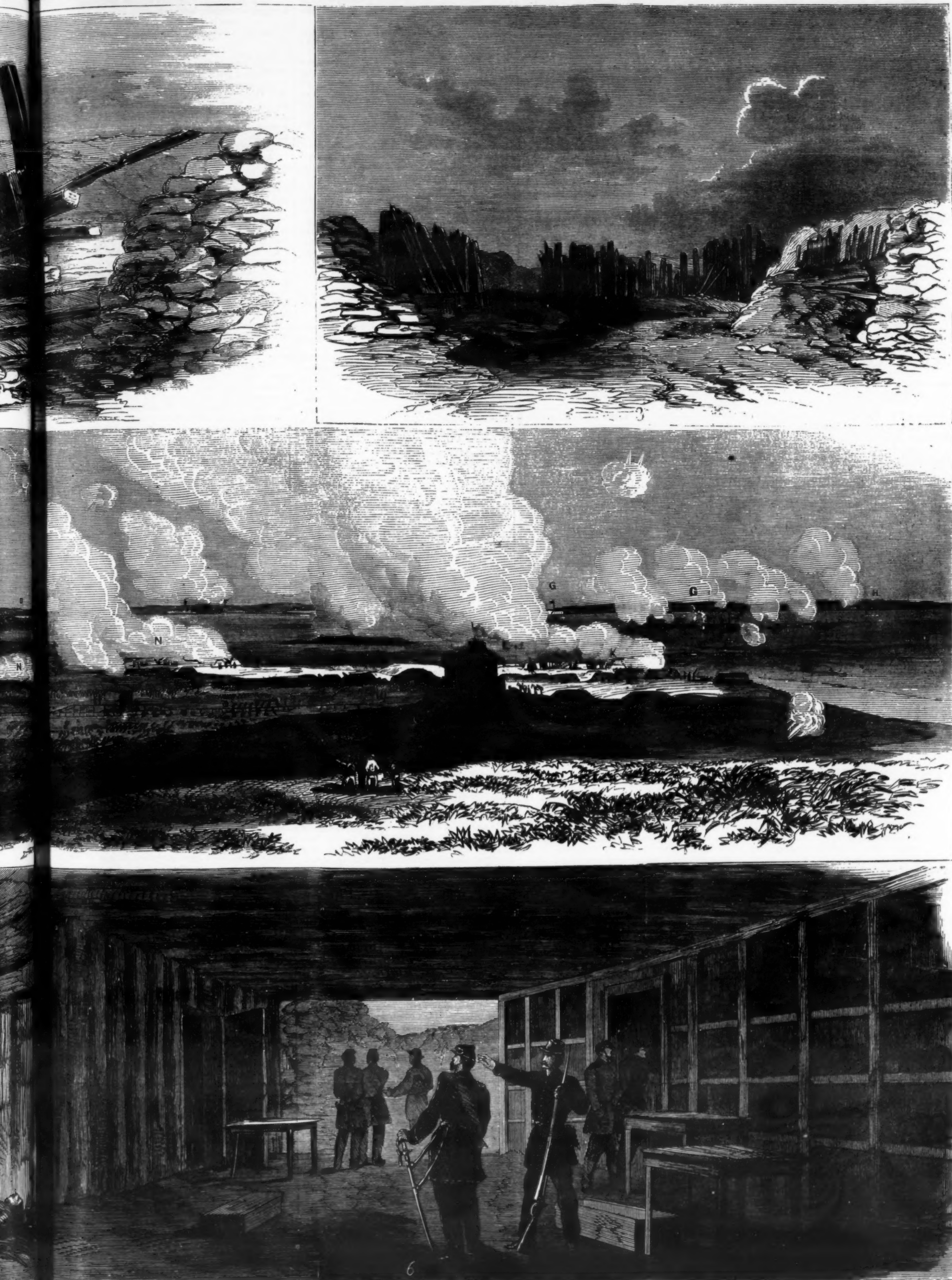
I HAVE always regretted that Mr. Bourcault has never turned his attention to "Macbeth," as I am sure he would have made something out of what is now the absurdest mess of rubbish ever put before a public. As he has not thought it deserving his attention, I will endeavor to explain the plot as well as I could make out from Mr. Forrest's "rendition," as the dramatic critic of the New York Times very learnedly calls it—and a truer term was never applied to anything, for he tears and rends it to pieces. "Rendition" is the word. I have no malice against the author, who, I am told, is a young man, named Mr. Shakespeare, said to be a writer on the *World*, although, from choosing a Scotch subject, I should rather think him an *attaché* of the *Herald*. However, I wish Mr. Shakespeare well, although he's better adapted to the drygoods line than a "littery perfection."

Macbeth is a person of the Scotch persuasion, and Commander-in-Chief to his Most Gracious Majesty King Duncan I. He is dressed like a Scotchman. You know the snuff box round the corner, where the great wooden figure is at the door? Well, that's the image of Macbeth. Well, in marching home after a battle, in which the destruction of human life must have been unprecedented in the annals of war, for no more than six soldiers survived that fearful fight, not a blessed one more did he bring home. I counted them twice, to be certain. It was a clever idea to show only half a dozen survivors, as the audience could see at a glance the frightful gaps that death had made in the ranks, and that thousands upon thousands must have been left dead upon the field. A thrill of horror ran through the house when the six individuals in question on hand stood in a row on a little bridge, and a good many hissed, as though the scene was too painful for human suffering. I felt so too, and thought how many parents are now bewailing the loss of their orphan children, how many orphan children the loss of their fatherless parents, and how many only sons the untimely end of their elder brothers!

Well, three ugly old women, with clothes props, stop the Commander of the Forces and tell his fortune. They are so-called, so called from telling fortunes by tea sediment in cups and saucers. Three more dilapidated old ladies I never set eyes on, and so dirty; but that shows the attachment to their native soil. They tell him he'll come to be king; he's very ambitious and his wife is ambitious, and she advises her husband to stick at nothing, or rather to stick at everything and everybody in order to get to the throne, and to make assurance doubly sure, to use his own words, he sticks him with two daggers. When the king is dead he is no more, and then Macbeth dresses himself up like a king and his wife like a queen. They then give an evening party, and a round hole like the one in the street where the coals come in opens in the floor, and up comes a Scotchman. I could not learn where he came from; it may have been the epicaloric or the underground railway, but that doesn't matter. The king's cross at his coming, and so much so that he frightens everybody else, and breaks up the party, after spending a most unpleasant evening. "Lady M. is then taken very ill and cannot get a wink of sleep for several weeks, and suffering the intensest tortures, she dies of spontaneous combustion of the oroscience; and Macbeth has a sword stuck in his gizzard by some one who owed him a grudge, and that's the end of him. The fault of the play is that, instead of the people speaking broad Scotch, they all speak English as well as I do.



A. Battery Hascall. B. Fort Johnson. C. Battery Simkins. D. Fort Sumter. E. Battery Gregg. F. Battery Bee. G. Fort
 SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—1. ENTRANCE TO A BOMBPROOF. 2. DISMOUNTED CANNON. 3. VIEW IN THE INTERIOR OF FORT WAGNER. 4. BOMBARDMENT OF
 BOMBPROOF, WITH SHELVES STILL FULL



G. Fort Mifflin. I. Ironsides. J. Monitors. K. N. Union Batteries. L. Beacon House. M. Fort Wagner. O. Causeway. P. Charleston.
 AND WAGNER, SEPT. 5, SEEN FROM CRAIG'S HILL. 5. INTERIOR OF MAIN BOMBPROOF, WITH LEAD REBELS. 6. INTERIOR OF MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE
 SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

I HATE A PEACEFUL SPOT.

BY J. W. WATSON.

I GAZE into the summer sky, and on the waving trees;
I drink the beauty of the lake, and quaff the perfumed breeze;
I hear the drowsy hum of bees; the singing of the birds;
The chattering of the barnyard fowls; the lowing of the herds;
The steady plashing of the churn; the "Gee! Haw!" of the plough;
The stream into the milking pail from yonder yellow cow;
And each, and all, are symbols of the peace that overflows,
And blooms upon our northern land, like one unfading rose.

I mark the farmer's cheery face; the matron's love-lit eyes;
The children with their reckless feet, and wanton, joyous cries;
The laborers with teams afield, or whistling on the road;
Their wagons heaped with Nature's gifts, a true Pomona load.
And then I wonder in my soul, is this a favored spot,
Can this be of the fabled land where memory is not?

Or is it but the stagnant pool of this our northern blood,
That runs, as southrons say it runs, a clogged and noisome flood?

Sometimes I've wished, with sickened soul, for rest from daily news.
Sometimes I've tried to teach my heart, 'twere better we should lose!
Aye! better we should lose the fight, and so awake the land,
That every man might rush to arms, and take a manly stand!

And when, with heaving breast, I've seen, the cold insensate throng,
I've prayed for some calm spot, like this, a living summer song;
Some spot where all the outer world could be by man forgot,
Where daily toll drowned carking care, and memory was not.

But now, in all this peaceful scene, my blood boils fierce and hot,
I curse those pleasant, peaceful homes, where memory is not!
I think of all the homes afar, once peaceful as our own,
Their hearthstones wet with bloody drip, their altars overthrown!

I look on all the glorious scene, and straight its beauties change,
My eyes are filled with sights of woe, my ears with noises strange.
I hear the shrieks of dying men, the thunder of the guns,
The wail of infants for their sires, of mothers for their sons!

I gaze into the summer sky, I seek to look afar,
To penetrate the filmy mist that hides the cloud of war!
I look through valleys wrapped in sleep, o'er rivers rolling free,
And bearing on their bosoms' swell a nation's argosy;

And thus, where'er my eye can reach, toward the setting sun,
I hear no shriek of dying men, no thunder of the gun.
A hum of peace and busy hands, a harvest swelling o'er,
But yet no sign to guide the eye that seeks the cloud of war.

I turn my face to southern winds, filled with a soft perfume,
And straining through the misty depths, my soul is full with gloom.
I see within a few score miles ten score of thousand men,
Crouched each within his guarded lair, like tiger in his den.

Crouched each full ready for a spring, they wait with bated breath,
The word that gives them liberty to hurry to their death.
And all around these waiting men is blasted hill and plain,
And homes and hopes that never will be filled with life again.

I see a brother clench his hand against a brother's blow;
I see a father smile to watch his firstborn's lifeblood flow;
I see the flower of our land lie heaps of rotting dead,
And widowed mothers show their babes the cold ground for their bed.

Oh, God! can such things be, and peace fill all our northern lands?
Can men still laugh and sing, while they have lifeblood in their hands?

Can woman smile and twine her arms, and fondle and caress,
While sisters raise their hands to pray, a prayer of dire distress?

I hate these peaceful northern homes; I hate a quiet spot!
Where men lie sleeping on a mine, and memory is not!
I would some fierce, destroying thing would sweep their hearthstones nigh,
And wake their sluggish, sleepy blood, to hear their brother's cry!

I would some angel armed in truth would make each heart to glow,
That men would arm them for the fight and women bid them, "Go!"
And then I would not cry, I hate each quiet, peaceful spot,
Where peace is in the very air, and yet where peace is not!

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LILIE," "JOHN MARSHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—DESERVED.

THE letter written by the old man to his three nieces was read aloud by Miss Sarah in the presence of the eager assembly. Amongst all those anxious listeners there was no one who listened more intently than Gilbert Monckton.

Maurice de Crespigny's letter was not a long one:

"MY DEAR NIECES—Sarah, Lavinia and Ellen—You will all three be perhaps much surprised at the manner in which I have disposed of my estate, both real and personal; but, believe me, that in acting as I have done I have been prompted by no unkind feeling against you; nor am I otherwise than duly grateful for the attention which I have received from you during my declining years.

"I think that I have done my duty; but be that as it may, I have done that which it has been my fixed intention to do for the last ten years. I have made several wills and destroyed one after another, but they have all been in the main point to the same effect, and it has only been an old man's whimsical fancy that has prompted me to make sundry alterations in minor details. The income of two hundred a year, which I have left to each of you, will, I know, be more than enough for your simple wants. The three incomes, by the wording of my will, will descend to my nephew, Launcelot Darrell, after your deaths.

"I have tried to remember many old friends who have perhaps long ere this forgotten me, or who may laugh at an old man's foolish bequests.

"I do not believe that I have wronged any one; and I trust that you will think kindly of me when I am in my grave, and never speak bitterly of

"Your affectionate uncle,
"MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY.
"Woodlands, February 20th."

This was the old man's letter. There was not one syllable of its contents which in any way disagreed with the wording of the will.

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath; and his mother, sitting close to him, with her hand in his, could feel the clammy coldness of his fingers and hear the loud thumping of his heart against his breast.

Gilbert Monckton took up his hat and walked out of the room. He did not want to have any explanation with the man whom he fully believed, in spite of all Eleanor had said, to be the fortunate rival who had robbed him of every chance of ever winning his wife's heart.

He had only one feeling now; and that was the same feeling which had taken possession of him twenty years before—an eager desire to run away; to escape from his troubles and perplexities, to get free of this horrible atmosphere of deceit and bewilderment; to cast every hope, every dream behind; and to go out into the world once more, joyless, unloved, hopeless; but at any rate, not the dupe of a false woman's specious pretences.

He went straight back to Toldale while the crowd at Woodlands slowly dispersed, more or less discontented with the day's proceedings. He went back to the grand old mansion in which he had never known happiness. He asked whether his wife was with Miss Mason. No, the man told him; Mrs. Monckton was in her own room, lying down.

This was the very thing he wished. He didn't want to see Eleanor's beautiful face, framed in shining bands of hazel-brown hair; that irresistible face whose influence he dared not trust. He wanted to see his ward alone.

Laura ran out of her dressing-room at the sound of her guardian's footsteps.

"Well?" she cried, "is it a forgery?"

"Hush, Laura, go back into your room."

Miss Mason obeyed, and Mr. Monckton followed her into the pretty little apartment, which was a modern bower of shining maplewood and flowery chintz, and flimsy lace and muslin, frivolous and airy as the young lady herself.

"Sit down in a comfortable seat, guardian," said Laura, offering the lawyer a slipper chintz-covered lounging-chair, so low as to bring Mr. Monckton's knees inconveniently near his chin as he sat in it. "Sit down and tell me all about it, for goodness gracious sake. Is it forged?"

"I don't know, my dear, whether the will is genuine or not. It would be a very difficult question to decide."

"But oh! good gracious me," exclaimed Miss Mason, "how can you be so unkind as to talk about it like that, as if it didn't matter a bit whether the will is forged or not? If it isn't forged, Launcelot isn't bad; and if he isn't bad, of course

I may marry him, and the wedding things won't be all wasted. I knew that something would happen to make everything come right."

"Laura," cried Mr. Monckton, "you must not talk like this. Do you know that you are no longer a child, and that you are dealing with the most solemn business in a woman's life. I do not know whether the will by which Launcelot Darrell inherits the Woodlands property is genuine or not; I certainly have reason to think that it is genuine, but I will not take upon myself to speak positively. But, however that may be, I know that he is not a good man, and you shall never marry him with my consent."

The young lady began to cry, and murmured something to the effect that it was cruel to use her so when she was ill, and had been taking oceans of lime-draughts; but Mr. Monckton was inflexible.

"If you were to have a dozen illnesses such as this," he said, "they would not turn me from my purpose, or alter my determination. When I voluntarily took upon myself the custody of your life, Laura, I undertook that charge with the intention of accomplishing it as a sacred duty. I have faltered in that duty; for I suffered you to betroth yourself to a man whom I have never been able to trust. But it is not yet too late to repair that error. You shall never marry Launcelot Darrell."

"Why not? If he didn't commit a forgery, as Eleanor says he did, why shouldn't I marry him?"

"Because he has never truly loved you, Laura. You admit that he was Eleanor's suitor before he was yours? You admit that, do you not?"

Miss Mason pouted, and sobbed, and choked once or twice before she answered. Gilbert Monckton waited impatiently for her reply. He was about as fit to play the mentor as the young lady whom he had taken upon himself to lecture. He was blinded and maddened by passionate regret, cruel disappointment, wounded pride, every feeling which is most calculated to paralyse a man's reasoning powers, and transform a Solomon into a fool.

"Yes," Laura gasped at last; "he did propose to Eleanor first, certainly. But then, she led him on."

"She led him on!" cried Mr. Monckton.

"How?"

Laura looked at him with a perplexed expression of countenance, before she replied to this eager question.

"Oh, you know!" she said, after a pause; "I can't exactly describe how she led him on, but she did lead him on. She walked with him, and she talked to him; they were always talking together and leaving me out of the conversation, which was very rude of them, to say the least; for I wasn't intellectual enough for them, and couldn't quite understand what they were talking about—for Launcelot would talk meta—what's it's name? you know; and who could understand such conversation as that?—they might have talked about things I do understand, such as Byron and Tennyson. And then she took an interest in his pictures, and talked about chiaro—thingemob, and foreshortening, and middle distances, and things, just like an artist. And then she used to let him smoke in the breakfast parlor when she was giving me my music lessons; and I should like to know who could play cinquepated passages in time, with the smell of tobacco in their nose, and a fidgety young man reading a crackling newspaper, and killing flies with his pocket handkerchief against the window. And then she sat for Rosalind in his picture. But, good gracious me, it's no good going all over it; she led him on."

Mr. Monckton sighed. There wasn't much in what his ward had said, but there was quite enough. Eleanor and Launcelot had been happy and confidential together. They had talked of metaphysics and literature, and poetry, and painting. The young artist had lounged away the summer mornings, smoking and idling, in Miss Vane's society.

There was very little in all this, certainly, but quite as much as there generally is in the history of a modern love affair. The age of romance is gone, with tournaments, and troubadours, and knight errantry; and if a young gentleman now-a-days spends money in the purchase of a private-box at Covent Garden, and an extra guinea for a bouquet, or procures tickets for a fashionable flower-show, and is content to pass the better part of his mornings amidst the expensive litter of a drawing-room, watching the white fingers of his beloved in the messo mysteries of *Decadomanie*, he may be supposed to be quite as sincerely devoted as if he were to plant his lady's point-lace parasol cover in his helmet, and gallop away with the view to having his head split open in her service.

Mr. Monckton hid his face in his hands and pondered over what he had heard. Yes, his ward's foolish talk revealed to him all the secrets of his wife's heart. He could see the pretty, sunny, morning-room, the young man lounging in the open window, with fluttering rose-leaves all about his handsome head. He could see Eleanor seated at the piano, making believe to listen to her pupil, and glancing back at her lover. He made the prettiest cabinet picture out of these materials for his own torment.

"Do you think Eleanor ever loved Launcelot Darrell?" he asked, by-and-by.

"Do I think so?" cried Miss Mason. "Why of course I do; and that's why she tries to persuade me not to marry him. I love her, and she's very good to me," Laura added, hastily, half-ashamed of having spoken unkindly of the friend who had been so patient with her during the last few days. "I love her very dearly; but if she hadn't cared for Launcelot Darrell, why did she go against my marrying him?"

Gilbert Monckton groaned aloud. Yes, it must be so. Eleanor had loved Launcelot, and her sudden anger, her violent emotion, had arisen out of her jealousy. She was not a devoted daughter nursing a dream of vengeance against her dead father's

foe, but a jealous and vindictive woman, bent upon avenging an infidelity against herself.

"Laura," said Mr. Monckton, "call your maid, and tell her to pack your things without a moment's delay."

"But why?"

"I am going to take you abroad—immediately."

"Oh, good gracious! And Eleanor—"

"Eleanor will stay here. You and I will go to Nice, Laura, and cure ourselves of our follies—if we can. Don't bring any unnecessary load of luggage. Have your most useful dresses and your linen packed in a couple of portmanteaus, and let all be ready in an hour's time. We must leave Windsor by the four o'clock train."

"And my wedding things—what am I to do with them?"

"Pack them up. Burn them, if you like," answered Gilbert Monckton, leaving his ward to get over her astonishment as she best might.

He encountered her maid in the passage.

"Miss Mason's portmanteau must be packed in an hour, Jane," he said. "I am going to take her away at once for change of air."

Mr. Monckton went downstairs to his study, and shutting himself in, wrote a very long letter, the composition of which seemed to give him a great deal of trouble.

He looked at his watch when this letter was finished, folded and addressed. It was a quarter past two. He went upstairs once more to Laura's dressing-room, and found that young lady in the wildest state of confusion, doing all in her power to hinder her maid, under the pretence of assisting her.

"Put on your bonnet and shawl and go downstairs, Laura," Mr. Monckton said decisively. "Jane will never succeed in packing those portmanteaus while you are fidgeting her. Go down into the drawing-room, and wait there till the boxes are packed and we're ready to start."

"But mustn't I go and say good-bye to Eleanor?"

"Is she still in her own room?"

"Yes, sir," the maid answered, looking up from the portmanteau before which she was kneeling.

"I peeped into Mrs. Monckton's room just now, and she was fast asleep. She has had a great deal of fatigue in nursing Miss Mason."

"Very well, then, she had better not be disturbed."

"But if I'm going to Nice," remonstrated Laura, "I can't go so far away without saying good-bye to Eleanor. She has been very kind to me, you know."

"I have changed my mind," Mr. Monckton said; "I've been thinking over the matter, and I've decided on not taking you to Nice. Torquay will do well."

Miss Mason made a wry face.

"I thought I was to have change of scene," she said; "Torquay isn't change of scene, for I went there once when I was a child. I might have forgotten Launcelot in quite a strange place, where people talk bad French and wear wooden shoes, and everything is different; but I shall never forget him at Torquay."

Gilbert Monckton did not notice his ward's lamentation.

"Miss Mason will want you with her, Jane," he said to the girl. "You will get yourself ready, please, as soon as you've packed those portmanteaus."

He went downstairs again, gave his orders about a carriage to take him to the station, and then walked up and down the drawing-room waiting for his ward.

In half-an-hour both she and her maid were ready. The portmanteaus were put into the carriage—the mail-coach which had brought Eleanor to Hazelwood two years before—and Mr. Monckton drove away from Toldale Priory without having uttered a word of adieu to his wife.

CHAPTER L.—GILBERT'S LETTER.

IT was late in the afternoon when Eleanor awoke, aroused by the clanging of the dinner-bell in the cupola above her head. She had been worn out by her patient attendance upon Laura during the last week, and had slept very heavily, in spite of her anxiety to hear what had happened at the reading of the will. She had seen very little of her husband since the night of Mr. de Crespigny's death, and though the coldness and restraint of his manner had much distressed her, she had no idea that he was actually alienated from her, or that he had suffered his mind to become filled with suspicions against her.

She opened the door of her room, went out into the corridor and listened. But all was very still. She could only hear the faint jingling of glass and silver in the hall below, as the old butler went to and fro putting the finishing touches to the dinner-table.

"Mr. Monckton might have come to me to tell me about the will," she thought; "he must surely know how anxious I am to hear what has been done."

She bathed her flushed face, and dressed for dinner as usual. She put on a black silk dress out of respect for her father's friend, whose funeral had been solemnised during her sleep, and with a black lace shawl upon her shoulders she went downstairs to look for her husband.

She found all very quiet—unnaturally quiet. It is strange how soon the absence of an accustomed inhabitant makes itself felt in a house, however quiet the habits of that missing person. Eleanor looked into the drawing-room and the study, and found them both empty.

"Where is Mr. Monckton?" she asked of the old butler.

"Gone, ma'am."

"Gone?"

"Yes, ma'am; two hours ago, a'most. You knew he was going, didn't you, ma'am?"

The old man's curiosity was excited by Eleanor's look of surprise.

"Didn't you know as master was a-going to take Miss Mason away to the seaside for change of air, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I knew that he was going to do so, but not immediately. Did Mr. Monckton leave no message for me?"

"He left a letter, ma'am. It's on the mantelpiece in the study."

Eleanor went to her husband's room with her heart beating high, and her cheeks flushed with indignation against him for the slight he had put upon her. Yes, there was the letter, sealed with his signet ring. He was not generally in the habit of sealing his letters, so he must have looked upon this as one of some importance. Mrs. Monckton tore open the envelope. She turned pale as she read the first few lines of the letter. It was written over two sheets of note paper, and began thus:

"ELEANOR—When I asked you to be my wife, I told you that in my early youth I had been deceived by a woman whom I loved very dearly, though not as dearly as I have since loved you. I told you this, and I implored you to remember my blighted youth, and to have pity upon me. I entreated you to spare me the anguish of a second betrayal, a second awakening from my dream of happiness."

"Surely if you had not been the most cruel of women, you would have been touched by the knowledge that I had already suffered so bitterly from a woman's treachery, and you would have had mercy upon me. But you had no mercy. It suited you to come back to this neighborhood, to be near your former lover, Launcelot Darrell."

The letter dropped from Eleanor's hands as she read these words.

"My former lover!" she cried, "my lover, Launcelot Darrell! Can my husband think that? Can he think that I ever loved Launcelot Darrell?"

She picked up the letter, and seated herself at her husband's writing table. Then she deliberately reperused the first page of the lawyer's epistle.

"How could he write such a letter?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "How could he think such cruel things of me after I had told him the truth—after I had revealed the secret of my life?"

She went on with the letter:

"From the hour of our return to Toldale, Eleanor," wrote Gilbert Monckton, "I knew the truth, the hard and cruel truth, very difficult for a man to believe, when he has built up his life and mapped out a happy future under the influence of a delusion which leaves him desolate when it melts away. I knew the worst. I watched you as a man only watches the woman upon whose truth his every hope depends, and I saw that you still loved Launcelot Darrell. By a hundred evidences, small in themselves, but damning when massed together, you betrayed your secret. You had made a mercenary marriage, looking to worldly advantages to counterbalance your sacrifice of feeling; and you found too late that the sacrifice was too hard for you to bear."

"I watched you day by day, and hour by hour; and I saw that as the time for Laura's marriage approached, you grew hourly more unhappy, more restless, more impatient and capricious in your manner towards Launcelot."

"On the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death the storm burst. You met Launcelot Darrell in the Woodlands garden—perhaps by chance, perhaps by appointment. You tried to dissuade him against the marriage with Laura, as you had tried to dissuade Laura from marrying him; and failing in this, you gave way to a frenzy of jealousy, and accused your false lover of an impossible crime."

"Remember, Eleanor, I accuse you of no deadly sin; no deliberate treachery to me. The wrong you have done me lies in the fact that you married me, while your heart was still given to another. I give you credit for having tried to conquer that fatal attachment, and I attribute your false accusations against Launcelot Darrell to a mad impulse of jealousy, rather than the studied design of a base woman. I try to think well of you, Eleanor, for I have loved you most dearly; and the new life that I had made for myself owed all its brightness to my hope of winning your regard. But it is not to be so. I bow my head to the decree, and I release you from a bond that has no doubt grown odious to you."

"I beg you, therefore, to write me a final letter demanding such terms of separation as you may think fit. Let the ground of our parting be incompatibility of temper. Everything shall be done to render your position honorable; and I trust to you to preserve the name of Gilbert Monckton's wife without taint or blemish. Signora Piccirillo will no doubt act for you in this business, and consent to assume the position of your guardian and friend. I leave you in full possession of Toldale Priory, and I go to Torquay with my ward, whence I shall depart for the Continent as soon as our separation has been adjusted, and my business arrangements made."

"My address for the next fortnight will be the post-office, Torquay."

"GILBERT MONCKTON."

This was the letter which the lawyer had written to his young wife. Its contents were like a thunderbolt in the shock which they caused to Eleanor's senses. She sat for a long time reading it over and over again. For the first time since her marriage she put aside the thought of her revenge, and began to think seriously of something else.

It was too cruel. Unmixed indignation was the feeling which took possession of her mind. She had no comprehension of the despair which had filled Gilbert Monckton's breast as he wrote that farewell letter. She did not know how the strong man had done battle with his suspicions, struggling with every new doubt, and conquering it as it arose, only to be conquered himself at last, by the irresistible force of circumstances, every one of which seemed a new evidence against his wife. Eleanor could not know this. She only knew that her husband had most bitterly wronged her, and she could feel nothing but indignation—yet.

She tore the letter into a hundred fragments. She wanted to annihilate its insulting accusations. How dared he think so vilely of her? Then a feeling of despair sank into her breast, like some actual burden, chill and heavy, that bowed her down to the earth, and for the time paralysed her energies.

Nothing but failure had met her upon every side. She had been too late in her attempt to see Maurice de Crespigny before his death. She had failed to prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; though the evidence of his crime had been in her hands, though she had been herself the witness of his wrong doing. Everything had been against her. The chance which had thrown her across the pathway of the very man she wished to meet had only given rise to delusive hopes, and had resulted in utter defeat.

And now she found herself suspected and deserted by her husband—the man whom she had loved and respected with every better feeling of a generous nature that had been warped and stunted by the all-absorbing motive of her life. In her indignation against Gilbert Monckton, her hatred of Launcelot Darrell became even more bitter than before, for it was he who had caused all this—it was he whose treachery had been the blight of her existence, from the hour of her father's death until now.

While Eleanor sat thinking over her husband's letter, the old butler came to announce dinner, which had been waiting some time for her coming. I fancy the worthy retainer had been prowling about the hall meanwhile, with the hope of reading the clue to some domestic mystery in his mistress's face as she emerged from the study.

Mrs. Monckton went into the dining-room and made a show of eating her dinner. She had a motive for doing this, beyond the desire to keep up appearances, which seems natural even to the most impulsive people. She wanted to hear all about Mr. de Crespigny's will, and she knew that Jeffreys, the butler, was sure to be pretty well informed upon the subject.

She took her accustomed seat at the dinner-table, and Mr. Jeffreys placed himself behind her. She took a spoonful of clear soup, and then began to trifle with her spoon.

"Have you heard about Mr. de Crespigny's will, Jeffreys?" she asked.

"Well, ma'am, to tell the truth, we had Mr. Banks, the baker, from Hazlewood village, in the servants' hall not a quarter of an hour ago, and he do say that Mr. Darrell has got all his great-uncle's estate, real and personal—leastways, with the exception of annuities to the two old ma's—the Miss de Crespignys, ma'am, and bein' uncommon stingy in their dealin's, no one will regret as they don't come into the fortune. Sherry, ma'am, or 'ock?"

Eleanor touched one of the glasses before her almost mechanically, and waited while the old man—who was not so skilful and rapid as he had been in the time of Gilbert Monckton's father—poured out some wine, and removed her soup-plate.

"Yes, ma'am," he continued, "Banks of Hazlewood do say that Mr. Darrell have got the fortune. He heard it from Mrs. Darrell's 'ousemaid, which Mrs. Darrell told all the servants directly as she come back from Woodlands, and were all of a tremble like with joy, the 'ousemaid said; but Mr. Launcelot, he were as white as a sheet, and hadn' a word to say to any one, except the foreign gentleman that he is so friendly with."

Eleanor paid very little attention to all these details. She only thought of the main fact. The desperate game which Launcelot had played had been successful. The victory was his.

Mrs. Monckton went from the dinner-table to her own room, and with her own hands dragged a portmanteau out of a roomy old-fashioned lumber-closet, and began to pack her plainest dresses, and the necessities of her simple toilet.

"I will leave Toldale to-morrow morning," she said. "I will at least prove to Mr. Monckton that I do not wish to enjoy the benefits of a mercenary marriage. I will leave this place and begin the world again. Richard was right; my dream of vengeance was a foolish dream. I suppose it is right, after all, that wicked people should succeed in this world, and we must be content to stand by and see them triumph."

Eleanor could not think without some bitterness of Laura's abrupt departure. She could not have been actuated by the same motives that had influenced Gilbert Monckton. Why, then, had she left without a word of farewell? Why? Launcelot Darrell was the cause of this sorrow as well as of every other, for it was jealousy about him that had prejudiced Laura against her friend.

Early the next morning Eleanor Monckton left Toldale Priory. She went to the station at Windsor in a pony carriage which had been reserved for the use of herself and Laura Mason. She took with her only one portmanteau, her desk and dressing-case.

"I am going alone, Martin," she said to the maid whom Mr. Monckton had engaged to attend upon her. "You know that I am accustomed to wait upon myself, and I do not think you could be accommodated where I am going."

"But you will not be away long, ma'am, shall you?" the young woman asked.

"I don't know. I cannot tell you. I have written to Mr. Monckton," Eleanor answered, hurriedly.

In the bleak early spring morning she left the home in which she had known very little happiness. She looked back at the stately old-fashioned mansion with a regretful sigh.

How happy she might have been within those ivied walls! How happy she might have been with her husband and Laura; but for the one hindering cause, the one fatal obstacle—Launcelot Darrell. She thought of what her life might have been, but for the remembrance of that solemn vow which was perpetually urging her on to its fulfillment. The love of a good man, the caressing affection of a gentle girl, the respect of every living creature round about her, might have been hers; but for Launcelot Darrell.

She looked back at the old house, gleaning redly behind the leafless branches of the bare oaks that sheltered it. She could see the oriel window of the morning room that Gilbert Monckton had furnished

on purpose for her, the dark crimson of the voluminous curtains, and a Parian statuette, of his own choosing, glittering whitely against the red light of the fire within. She saw all this, and regretted it; but her pride was soothed by the thought that she was running away from this luxurious home and all its elegance, to go out alone into a bleak, uncomfortable world.

"He shall know, at least, that I did not marry him for the sake of a fine house and horses and carriages," she thought, as she watched the terrace chimneys disappear behind the trees. "However meanly he thinks of me, he shall have no cause to think that."

It was still very early in the day when Eleanor arrived in London. She was determined not to go to the signora, since she must relate all that had happened, and would no doubt have considerable difficulty in convincing her old friend that she had chosen the right course.

"The signora would want me to go back to Toldale, and to try and justify myself in the opinion of Gilbert Monckton," Eleanor thought. "But I will never humiliate myself to him. He has wronged me; and the consequences of that wrong must rest upon his own head."

You see this young lady's nature was as undisciplined as it had been in her girlhood, when she flung herself on her knees in the little Parian chamber to take an oath of vengeance against her father's destroyer. She had not yet learnt to submit. She had not yet learnt the most sublime lesson that the Gospel teaches, to suffer unmerited wrong, and take it patiently.

The letter she had written to Gilbert Monckton was very brief:

"Gilbert," she wrote, "you have most cruelly wronged me, and I cannot doubt that the day will come in which you will know how baseless your suspicions have been. Every word that I uttered in Mr. de Crespigny's house upon the night of his death was true. I am quite powerless to prove my truth, and I cannot be content to see Launcelot Darrell triumph. The mystery of the lost will is more than I can comprehend, but I declare that it was in my possession five minutes before I met you in the garden. If ever that will should be found, my justification will be found with it. I look to you to watch my interests in this matter, but I am quite incapable of remaining an inmate of your house while you think me the base creature I should be if my accusations against Launcelot Darrell were in the slightest degree false. I will never return to Toldale until my truth has been proved. You need not fear that I will do anything to bring discredit upon your name. I go out into the world to get my own living, as I have done before."

This letter expressed very little of the indignation which filled Eleanor's breast. Her pride revolted against the outrage which her husband had inflicted upon her; and she suffered all the more acutely because beneath her apparent indifference there lurked, in the innermost recesses of her heart, a true and pure affection for this cruel Gilbert Monckton, whose causeless suspicions had so deeply wounded her.

In proportion to the strength of her love was the force of her indignation, and she went away from Toldale with angry thoughts raging in her breast, and buoying her up with a most factitious courage.

This influence was still at work when she reached London. She had only a few pounds in her purse, and it was necessary therefore that she should begin to get her own living immediately. She had thought of this during her journey between Windsor and London, and had determined what to do. She took a cab, and drove to a quiet little hotel in the neighborhood of the Strand, left her portmanteau and other packages there, and then walked to a certain institution for governesses in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square. She had been there before, during her residence with the signora, to make an inquiry about pupils for the pianoforte, but had never given her name to the principal.

"I must call myself by a new name," she thought, "if I want to hide myself from Gilbert Monckton and from the signora. I must write to her directly, by-the-bye, poor dear, and tell her that I am safe and well; or else she will be making herself unhappy about me, directly she hears I have left Toldale."

The principal of the Governess' Institution was a stately maiden lady, with a rustling silk dress and glossy braids of gray hair under a cap of point lace. She received Eleanor with solemn graciousness, demanded her requirements and her qualifications, and then, with a gold pencil case poised lightly between the tips of her taper fingers, deliberated for a few minutes.

Eleanor sat opposite to her, watching her face very anxiously. She wanted some home, some asylum, some hiding-place from a world that seemed altogether against her. She scarcely cared where or what the place of refuge might be. She wanted to get away from Gilbert Monckton, who had wronged and insulted her; and from Launcelot Darrell, whose treachery was always strong enough to triumph over the truth.

But, of course, she didn't say this. She only said that she wanted a situation as musical governess, nursery governess, or companion, and that the amount of salary was of very little importance to her.

"I understand," the lady principal replied, slowly. "I perfectly understand your feeling, Miss—"

"My name is Villars," Eleanor answered quickly, looking down at her muff as she spoke.

The lady principal's eyes followed hers, and looked at the muff too. It was a very handsome sable muff, which had cost five-and-twenty pounds, and had been given by Mr. Monckton to his wife at the beginning of the winter. It was not at all in accord with Eleanor's plain merino dress and woollen shawl, or with her desire to go out as a governess without consideration of salary. Miss Barkham, the lady principal, began to look rather suspiciously at her visitor's handsome face, and forgot to finish the sentence which she had only just commenced.

"You can command excellent references, Miss Villars, I suppose?" she said, coldly.

Eleanor flushed crimson. Here was an insurmountable difficulty at the very outset.

"References," she stammered, "will references be necessary?"

"Most decidedly. We could not think of sending out any young lady from this establishment who could not command first-class references or testimonials. Some people are satisfied with written testimonials; for myself, I consider a personal reference indispensable, and I would not upon my own authority engage any lady without one."

Eleanor looked very much distressed. She had no idea of diplomatizing or prevaricating. She blurted out the truth all at once, unappalled by the stern glances of Miss Barkham.

"I can't possibly give you a reference," she said, "my friends do not know that I am in search of a situation, and they must not know it. I assure you that I belong to a very respectable family, and am quite competent to do what I profess to do."

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

As a lady's book we consider it second to none, while it is superior to most, both in fashion plates, wood engravings and general reading matter.—*Oxford Reformer*.

It is without doubt the best and most reliable fashionable magazine published.—*Burlington Dollar Newspaper*.

Worthy of a place at every fireside.—*Haverhill Gazette*.

A splendid number, excelling everything in that line ever before produced.—*Plattsburg Sentinel*.

The full-sized patterns are alone worth to ladies the price of the book.—*Smyrna Times*.

Frank Leslie's Magazine for September has a wealth of fashion illustrations, far surpassing that of any of its contemporaries. The literary matter, too, is of a high character.—*Roxbury Journal*.

It is quite evident that the spirited proprietor intends sparing no expense in making this publication worthy of its title.—*Montreal Transcript*.

A greater variety and display than given by any other magazine in the country.—*Whitewater Sentinel*.

Look out for the October number, which will far surpass even that just issued for September.

A ROYAL OPERA.

THE German papers are very full of the Imperial operatic gala recently held in Frankfurt. *Le Nord* thus describes it:

"The gala representation at Frankfurt on Wednesday consisted of the 'Barber of Seville,' with Patti in the principal role. The seats were occupied in the following order—21 members of the Senate, representatives of the citizens, filled orchestra seats; the parterre was exclusively reserved for the military; the boxes (*les baignoires*) were occupied by the ambassadors; the first row of seats by the princes, the second row by foreign diplomats, and the galleries by those persons who had received special invitations."

"The Emperor of Austria arrived at eight o'clock, and took up a position on the first row of boxes, *vis-à-vis* of the stage; on his left sat the King of Bavaria. He wore a tunic of white cloth, red pantaloons and the decoration of Maria Theresa. The sovereigns of Meiningen, Coburg, Saxe-Altenbourg, Oldenbourg, etc., were seated at the side of the King of Hanover, the Prince of Wurtemberg, the Grand Dukes of Baden-Baden and Weimar, and the representatives of the four free cities, dressed in black, with some ministers. Behind each prince was an aide-de-camp in brilliant uniform. It would be difficult to form an idea of the brilliancy of the uniforms and the magnificence of the toilets. The Prince de Metternich, who stood behind the Princess, was entirely covered with gold and silver embroidery, so that it was difficult to see the cloth of his coat."

"Among the political personages which the Congress of Princes attracted to Frankfurt, we may also mention Prince Metternich, Count Apponyi, Count Karolyi de Cassel, Count Ingleheim of Hanover, Count Lintzow, the Prussian Minister, Lords Granville and Clarendon, besides many Russian nobilities, among others Count Cancrin and Prince Gagarin."

OSCAR'S ORIENTAL ALBUM.—Mr. Oscar, whose lectures and works have done so much to make Turkish life as it really is known among us, has just issued an Oriental Album which makes a most charming and interesting gift. This collection of twenty-three pictures constitutes a unique and exquisite Oriental album comprising Turkish, Armenian, Circassian, Jewish, Druz and Egyptian men and women, photographed from life, and thus giving all the varied and picturesque costumes of the Turkish Empire. As they are put at the low price of three dollars a cheaper and more attractive addition to an album or ornament to a centre table can scarcely be found.

MRS. MEARS' SCHOOL.—It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Mears' English, French and Spanish Boarding and Day School for young ladies. It is one of the oldest and best institutions in or near New York, and the successful progress of the pupils, the high order of instruction, in social as well as literary point of view, make it one of those institutions to which a fond parent can with a perfect feeling of security commit the education of a daughter, certain to find her graduate with the graces, the manners and the knowledge fitting the rank in society which she is to adorn.

BOOT AND SHOE CLEANING MACHINE.—This is the invention of Mr. Troughton, of Glasgow, Scotland. The machine does its work rapidly, and in a cleanly manner; so much so, that it can clean and polish 40 pair of boots or shoes in an hour. The machine is wrought upon the principle of the turning lathe, and has three circular brushes, which revolve as the machine is kept going with the foot. By placing the shoe upon one wheel, and making a few revolutions, the dirt is removed; by holding the shoe in the same manner upon the second, the blacking is laid; and upon the third a polish is obtained.

ARMIES OF THE DEAD.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from New Brandy Station, Va., under date of Aug. 6th: "Last night I slept on historic ground. The white bones of those who had been slain before gave forth a ghastly gleam when the soft moonlight shimmered down upon them through the heavy foliage. But a short distance from here can be seen the perfect skeleton of a large sized man. The bare skull, with its great hollow, eyeless sockets, was there; the long finger bones and each particular rib was in its place. All was bare and white and ghastly. No; I forgot to mention that a well-preserved pair of boots still encased what were the soldier's feet, but in whose friendly cover now rattled the shin bones of the deceased. The warward winds played through the cavity of the chest, and sighed through the empty skull, which gave forth a long, melancholy wail—the only dirge that has there been played, save the requiem which the song birds twitter from the neighboring trees. The bones of the horse bleached close by the side of the master."



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—PLANTING THE CHEVAUX DE FRISE IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

THE great operations of Gen. Gillmore in reducing the network of strongholds with which the rebels have barred the approach to the birthplace of secession still continue to enchain public attention, and as every day brings forward new proofs of the great engineering skill of the American commander, our Special Artist finds constantly new and important matter for faithful, interesting and historically valuable sketches.

Among those which we present in the present number are views of Fort Wagner, Battery Gregg, as well as of Fort Johnson and Battery Simkins, new rebel works on James Island, which they erected when it was clear that Morris Island and Sumter were

lost, and to which they have transferred part of the armament of the historic fort.

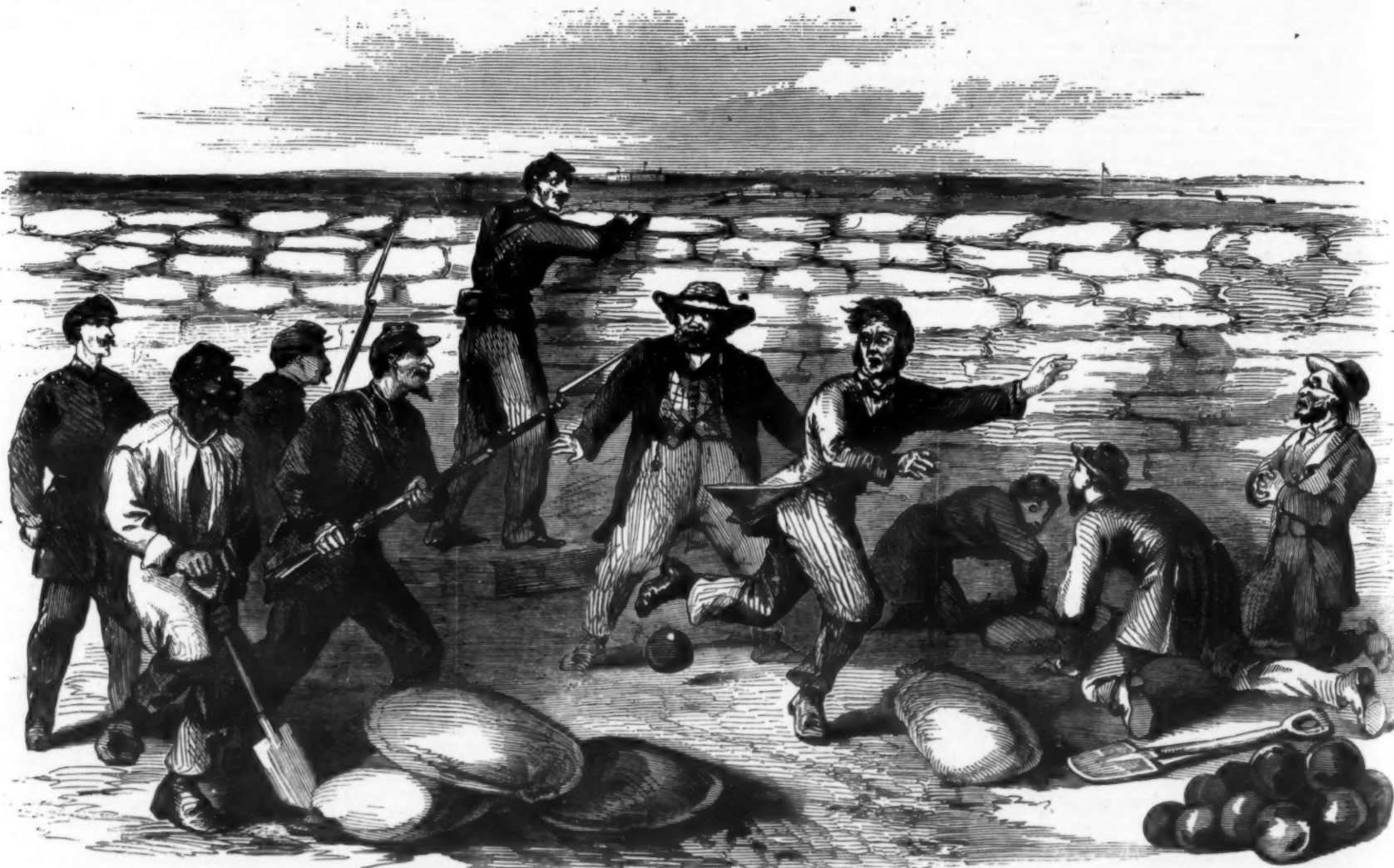
The work of the engineers was alluded to in our last, in our description of the "Swamp Angel" battery, which Serrell planned and erected in a marsh where an iron rod will sink by its own weight 25 feet. Since the New Englanders dragged their cannon over marsh and mire to open on Fort Mifflin, no besieged force ever met such a surprise as Beauregard did. We now show the 1st N. Y. Engineers running their saps towards Fort Wagner, advancing at midnight, snake-like, shovel in hand, to open the sap from which, in the morning, unwelcome sounds and things will startle Wagner. The day scene below gives a clearer view of these works. The sap roller is at the head, advanced by sap hooks. Behind the men busily ply-

ing the spade stand others ready to fall in, while the sharpshooters are close upon them, keeping up a quick and deadly fire on the enemy's sharpshooters, the puff of whose guns can be seen to the left of Fort Wagner, which, on her part, is thundering away to stop, if possible, the insidious approach which is to be so fatal.

Our Artist thus describes these: "A party of sappers at night leave the parallels, and, led by their officers, proceed to move boldly on. They are stationed in line after they have arrived at the destined point, in this wise. Capt. Joseph Walker, of Co. I, N. Y. Engineers, in this instance, and many others, commanded the sappers: he takes the lead, all men lie close to mother earth, and not a sound is heard as they crawl upon their stomachs at a snail's pace towards the enemy's works. Having formed the men in line at certain distances from each

other, Capt. W. now crawls back again to the head of the line, and whispers to the first man the command "Dig!" The word is taken up and passed down the entire line of sappers, who, while still flat upon their faces, first make a place for their knees in the sand with their shovels, and then gradually bury themselves from view; all this time being exceedingly careful of making any noise, because the enemy's pickets are only 20 or 30 yards distant from the advanced sapper. Thus a trench is formed and afterwards gradually widened and strengthened.

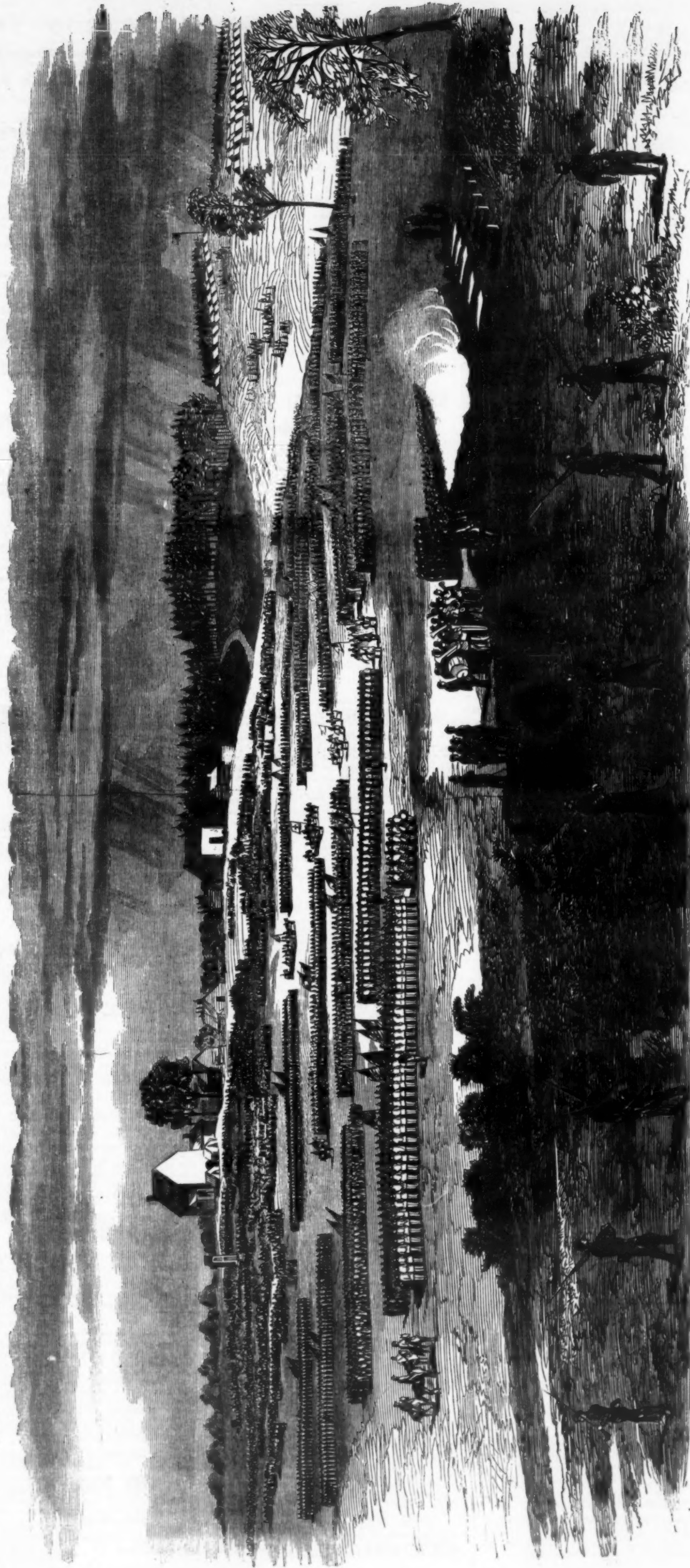
"The full sap without gabions, shown also, is another method of approaching an enemy. Slowly, but surely, the sap-roller moves on in the face of grape and canister, solid shot, shell and the sharpshooters of the enemy. Glorious results have already followed the efforts of these brave men, led by Capt. Joseph Walker, Co. I, and J. L. Suss, Co. B, with Lieuts Wilcken, Co. D, and Parsons, Co. F, and their men."



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—SULLY'S PRODIGES IN THE TRENCHES—A FALSE ALARM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—SPLENDID DASH OF THE 24TH MASSACHUSETTS 'ON THE REBEL RIFLEPITS IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER 'AUG. 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—EXECUTION OF FIVE DESERTERS FROM THE 118TH PENN. V., 1ST DIVISION, 5TH CORPS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.

all of the 1st N. Y. V. Engineers, on these special occasions. At work day and night, constantly under fire, the engineers especially are the most exposed men, while on such duty as above, in the command. It is to be hoped that Government and the people at home will duly appreciate the invaluable services of the 1st regiment N. Y. V. Engineers in this depot, Col. E. W. Serrell, commanding. Of the labors of other officers and men in this campaign, when the proper time comes, you shall know what, to disclose their labors at this time, would seriously injure the cause, and give information to the enemy of vital importance; therefore, for the present, I must say nothing as to their present fields of labor."

We also give a view of the gallant dash of the 24th Massachusetts on the rebel rifle pits in front of Fort Wagner on the 20th of August. A correspondent thus describes it:

"Just before dark, in accordance with orders issued, the batteries on the right opened simultaneously on Wagner and the rifle pits between the fort and the ridge, and on the ridge itself. After 25 minutes fire, the 24th was ordered to dash forward. In a moment the men leaped over the parallel and in another were passing up the ridge. One company of the 61st N. C. regiment were in the rifle pits, but before they knew their own senses they were surrounded and taken prisoners. Our men then placed themselves in a state of defence, by throwing up an earthwork, which had increased before morning to the dimensions of a parallel, making number five of the series."

"What our men had most to fear was the grape and canister from Wagner. The range was short, only 150 yards, and it required a lively handling of spades to put up a protection. From the time the guns were opened to the moment the 24th were on the summit of the ridge 30 minutes had elapsed. The regiment lost two killed and eight wounded and one missing. The rebel loss was four killed eight wounded and 68 prisoners, including two Lieutenants. In fact the entire rebel company, with the exception of the Captain and two or three privates, were either killed, wounded or captured. We gained a portion of ground, the possession of which enabled the engineers to go on with the approaches towards Wagner."

Our middle page shows the bombardment of Fort Gregg and Fort Wagner on the fifth and following days, ending in their final reduction. This view was taken from Craig's Hill, and shows every point of interest in this campaign. The forts, which are the main object of attack, are clearly seen with the Union batteries thundering on the right and left. Fort Sumter can be seen, maimed and crippled but still defiant; while the Ironsides and Monitors are engaging Forts Moultrie, Johnson, Bee. In the distance Charleston, the object of the tremendous struggle, appears still unpunished for the unnumbered woes she has brought on a once happy country."

Around this we give views sketched by our special artist within Fort Wagner, showing the interior of the bombproof, with its shelves for grape, some still filled; the bombproof further in, where, the dead still lie as their comrades left them unburied, to receive the last rites from the hands of a chivalrous enemy."

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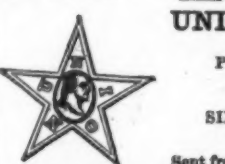


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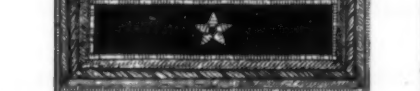
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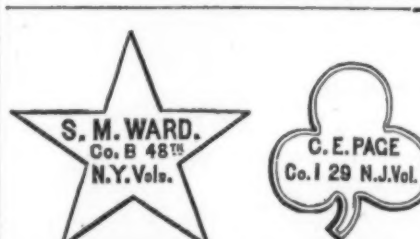
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